

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Around Town.

I think the majority of people are sick of politics, they have had such a frightful dose of it. Between remedial legislation and the tariff, political newspapers have been reading for the last few months and somehow the life seems to have gone out of all the contestants who had an interest in the result. Even the opening of Parliament has not revived anything that can be considered an emotion. Those who have business interests at stake are expectant, but others who are only sentimentally concerned are, I imagine, bored. Those who endeavor to defeat reforms or to evade the responsibility of opposing them are always astute enough to let the question become threadbare before making it a part of their policy or declaring their opposition.

It has been remarked that the speeches on the opening of Parliament were unusually interesting and yet good-natured; even Sir Richard Cartwright was so satirically jolly as to have been threatened with the reputation of having become a wit. Taken on the whole, however, I imagine that the Government considers it an evil omen to meet an Opposition which is so gaily confident as for once not to be abusive. Well defined rumors which have their echo in the ministerial press lead us to believe that there are a number of very unsavory scandals to be aired, and that the Opposition are confident that no amount of manoeuvring and intriguing can suppress the facts or prevent the removal of one, if not two or three Ministers. If there is any truth in these reports—and I am inclined to think that at least one of the Ministers has been pretty tightly snared—we are likely to have a much longer session than the Government proposed when it abandoned the idea of going to the country before meeting Parliament.

It cannot be denied that the recent elections were not comforting to the Government; in fact, both Vercheres and Antigonish were surprises to them. This being the case—for of course the electors are apt to judge of a ministry by its successes in the by-elections preceding a general election—a great amount of uneasiness prevails in those circles hitherto considered unalterably Conservative. A good excuse will be offered to those who are not unwilling to desert the Conservative party should remedial legislation be forced upon Manitoba. It might as well be remembered also that present circumstances have altered the attitude of many men with regard to the tariff. They may not express themselves as displeased with the fiscal policy of their own creation, but may excuse a reversal of their votes on the ground of remedial legislation. Contrariwise, those who do not desire to be considered fanatical or narrow-minded in the matter of remedial legislation, may take the tariff as an excuse for changing. With a double-barrelled policy of this sort it must be admitted that changes and side winds are to be expected. If a scandal be unearthed to the further weakening of the Government, the rats will leave the ship in droves and prove to be the thoughtful and teachable people of the Dominion that after all majorities are made up of self-interested people who care little about large and patriotic measures and are but little influenced by newspapers, speeches or conscience.

A friend after reading last week's letter told me that he was afraid I was taking my politics too seriously. Possibly I am. I take my religion too seriously also. The people who take the serious affairs of their lives gravely and consider themselves bound to fight even their friends when they do not seem to conform to the standard that the writer or speaker of a serious turn of mind has established as the proper one, are at a great disadvantage. As an old commander of troops, a schoolmaster or a boss dock-walloper on a wharf becomes of the opinion that he is the only one who has a right to think, so I admit it is quite possible for a writer to ignore the saving clauses which people keep in their minds. On some questions I feel quite in accord with one party, on other questions I feel perfectly at home with the other party; yet I feel most at home with those principles that seem to me everlasting and unchanging. I may be wrong in considering them principles; I may make myself a bore in everlastingly insisting upon them; I may, and I am quite sure I do, make myself a nuisance in criticizing men who depart from the few straight lines that statesmen have laid down and history has proven to be inseparable from good government.

These principles are as old as Christianity, yea, older; they were in existence when Moses was supreme and, if we admit the greater age of the doctrines accepted by the peoples of Asia, are not less than six thousand years old. I would feel inclined to suspect my judgment were I not convinced by history of the antiquity and propriety of these principles. Furthermore, I would be inclined to waver and become a follower of Expediency were it not for the candid confessions of the men who lead these wabble-kneed legions that political exigencies displace political morality. However, I have made the resolve not to be too deadly in earnest, for earnestness is often mistaken for fanaticism and absolute absence of principle for liberality.

We have a session of Parliament before us. Much further on we cross an undiscovered country, and beyond are the shores of a river which is not on the map and has never been explored—there is a heaven before us. Of the Parliament we can judge day by day; of the man who is

struggling for the heaven no newspaper reports will state how he feels or the tribulations—or the resolutions—that his soul has passed, and I am not now and never have been in favor of criticizing him who is so earnestly seeking for the far-away City of Rest. That the two pursuits should be identical up to the point of only desiring justice seems to me an easy conclusion. The two ways are evidently not identical nor do they lie side by side, if practice is to teach us performance or to strengthen us in our beliefs.

I am of the opinion that we are quite at liberty to criticize political affairs, but that we are never at liberty to seize upon any man and force him to walk beside us into the Unknown. Lonely as every man feels when he thinks of his way across the great waste, he has no right to force another to walk beside him. In politics we have no right to force anyone to agree with us, but if politics are not serious—and I am being taught that they are not—it seems righteous enough to force a man, or buy a man, or bully a man, or to do anything to secure victory. I have not yet quite grasped this doctrine, but I have grasped a greater idea, that no man or set of men has a right to mix the two roads or to affirm that unless one wends his way along a certain political path he cannot possibly find the proper road to the Golden City—or to office.

As soon as we cease to take our politics seriously and drop the idea of taking religion seriously, it appears to me that we will have abandoned all that there is in life worth living for. When we make a game of politics and a jest of religion we must become, not as the heathens are, but as the absolutely godless are. The heathens are not without their gods nor

your politics or religion too seriously, for if you do, you will be held by your neighbors to be without politics and an enemy to religion, and your life will be unhappy.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen in their official capacity had not been in Canada many weeks before sufficient evidence was at hand that socially they were making a great mistake. No doubt this vice-regal couple take their office too seriously. The result has been an ineffectual effort to teach Canada that the Governor-General must have a church of his own, a little standing army of servants of his own, social ideas of his own, and that the Governor-General must have fads of their own and propaganda of their own. If this is not true, Lord and Lady Aberdeen have been failures. Everywhere it has been demonstrated that the Canadian people do not appreciate their peculiarities, their ostentatiousness, their attempts to patronize people and to inculcate into the great vulgar of the Dominion aristocratically propagated ideas of religion and the importance of the Aberdeens. At the reception on the opening of the session Ottawa practically boycotted this worthy couple, and grief was the result to the vice-regal pair. Evidently they sized us up as being an abnormally religious lot of tuft-hunters, and they worked us on this line until the majority are considerably tired. Nobody has any doubt of the innate goodness of both of the Governors-General, but they do have some little doubt as to which is the Governor-General, the majority favoring the idea that Lady Aberdeen has it. Certainly they have taken their Canadian task a little too seriously, and it ought to be a warning to future lords and ladies who come out to attend to us as vice-regal personages not to consider us as a people desirous of acquiring inter-

On a frontage it has been my good fortune to pay for stone sidewalk, sewers and asphalt pavement, while on the commuted assessment I paid on seventy feet of flankage for something that was never any good. For this side street, asphalt has been recommended. We thank heaven we cannot be taxed for a sewer again, but the taxation on a corner house with asphalt in front and on the side is simply intolerable, and so those who pay for a large frontage will find it oppressive. I am of the opinion that the Engineer's prices are too high and that the paving companies will have to recede from their present position or the battered roadways will continue to exist, with threats of diphtheria and other calamities included. It seems hard that local taxation for a roadway has no sooner expired than the pavement is torn up. Those who paid for that roadway have not had value. Now they are to be given something else out of which they will perhaps receive as small a proportion of value as they did in the first instance. If the bed of the cedar block pavement was ever any good it is good now, and it ought to be utilized. Those who find their general and local improvement taxes exceeding a decent rent should at once present their petitions to utilize for a short term of years at least, some portion of that for which they have already paid.

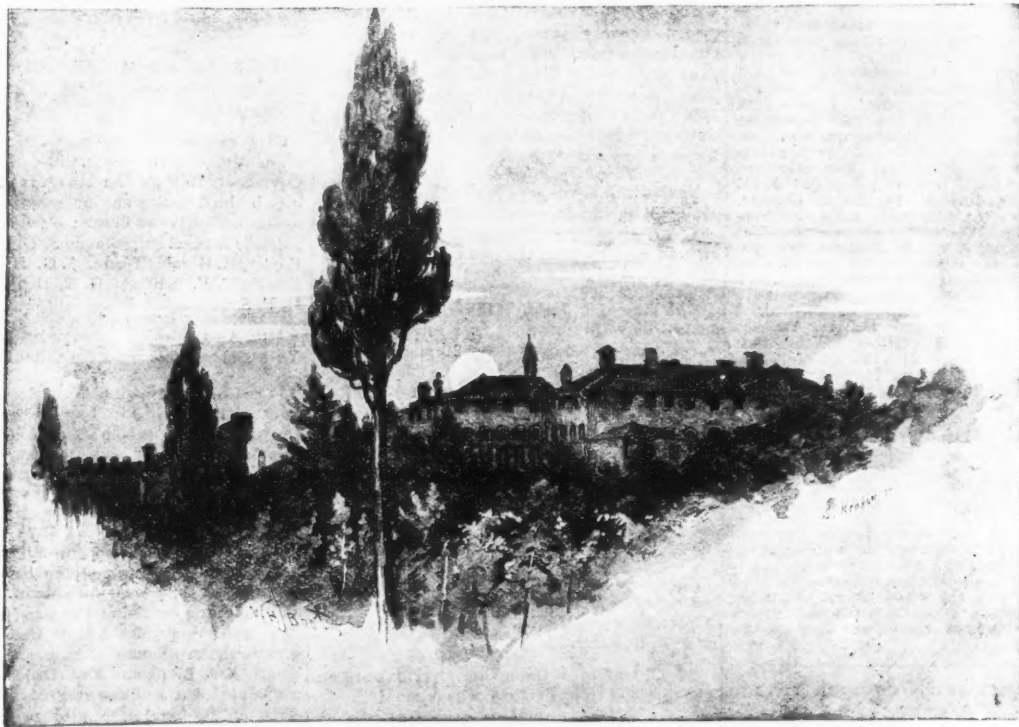
The University Commission has closed its costly labors, which were of but little value. I am of the opinion that, like many commissions that have preceded it, the intention of the Government was to baffle the enquiry as far as possible. I do not imagine that President London will be long left in the chair or that the professors complained of will be permitted to occupy their seats for many years. As was stated by an evening newspaper, it is the habit

Throughout the whole difficulty, SATURDAY NIGHT has displayed a knowledge of the subject and a grasp of the actual situation unequalled by any other journal, with the possible exception of *The Week*. Your remarks in last number about the commission were particularly pertinent and well timed. The students, who, all the way along, have been waging a warfare from which they could certainly not expect to reap any personal advantage, but which they undertook solely out of a true regard for the University, feel that they have been treated with scant justice by the press, the Government and the commission itself. Early in February they asked for a commission to investigate University affairs. Mr. Rose absolutely refused to grant it unless the students made specific charges and consented to become prosecutors. This was a direct attempt to place the undergraduates in a false position; and, as everyone knows, legal advice on the matter having been taken, the students resolutely refused to enter the trap Mr. Rose had set for them. Then the Government immediately turned around and appointed a commission, at the request, Mr. Rose said, of President London. This was a very transparent subterfuge indeed. But if the commission had met immediately, such a circumstance could have been passed over. However, it was held off until within three weeks of the annual examinations, when no student could possibly devote time to it without great personal sacrifice. This was scarcely fair. But a worse piece of injustice was that, although this was President London's commission, the students were forced to shoulder all responsibility, the commissioners refusing to take cognizance of anything except specific charges and complaints made by the undergraduates. The very fact that such charges were required precluded any chance of investigating the qualifications and efficiency of many members of the staff who needed investigation, although the formulation of charges against them was a simple impossibility. However, the students did consent to make charges in three cases, viz., against President London, Professor Vandermislen and Professor Mavor. But what happened? The commission ruled out the charges against the last-named gentleman; and the students, acting on advice of their counsel, very properly took the stand that it would be absurd to proceed against two men and let six or seven equally or nearly as bad escape. They therefore withdrew altogether from the prosecution of these charges. In order that you may judge as to whether the charges that were made against Professor Mavor were of a sufficiently grave nature to have properly been considered, I enclose you a copy of them, together with those against Professor Vandermislen and President London. It is to be remembered that lists of witnesses, who might be called to substantiate the statements made, were placed in the hands of the commission. The charges themselves were as follows:

Against Prof. Mavor:  
"That he has not sufficient knowledge of the subjects which he is expected to teach."  
"That if he is possessed of sufficient knowledge, he lacks the capacity to express what he does know and to impart information upon those subjects."  
"That his manner and person are repellent."  
"He does not inspire respect or confidence in those whom he teaches."  
"He is in the habit of nagging and worrying students without any or sufficient reason therefor."  
Against Prof. Vandermislen:  
"He is indolent, neglects his classes, fails to attend during the full hours of lectures, and while he may know his work he falls through indolence and carelessness to teach properly."  
Against Pres. London:  
"He has entirely failed to win and keep the respect or confidence of the undergraduates during his incumbency of the office of president."  
"He has not been frank and candid or conciliatory in his dealings with the students."  
"He is destitute of the personal dignity which ought to characterize the president of a great university."  
In the light of these facts and of the additional fact that the students were compelled to hire out of their limited means a first-class counsel in order to meet Mr. S. H. Blake, who was retained by the University Councils and paid out of University funds, which are public moneys, I leave you to judge, dear Don, whether the undergraduates have had an opportunity fairly to present their case, and whether the investigation has been conducted in the manner which the people of Ontario were entitled to expect.  
Yours sincerely,  
UNDERGRADUATE.

Taken in conjunction with the tardy and futile opposition which the City Council made to the two or ten acre farm land proposition which was adopted by the Legislature, it seems outrageous that they should be continually discussing the taxation of areas beneath the sidewalk. As everybody knows, an area is an excavation made within the curb line and does no damage whatever to the sidewalk. It enables the owner of a building to use a portion of the street without in the slightest obstructing the public or injuring anybody. Where there is an area beneath the sidewalk, particularly if it is occupied by a boiler or is heated in any way, the snow does not lie in the winter and it is always free from ice, yet some of our city statesmen argue that it is dangerous. Every area that is permitted is under the supervision of the City Engineer and he has a right to demand, and does demand, that it be made absolutely safe. Surely Toronto is not likely to follow the example of some Quebec cities who have inflicted upon the business men all the taxes and restrictions that the law made possible. If men who erect new buildings want new areas, let them have them. The only thing to be regretted is that so many of those who are but half-boused, that so many institutions that could well afford to erect a new building and utilize all the space at their disposal, are holding back on account of the excessive taxation and the playunc spirit shown by the City Council.

If capitalists, banks and loan companies, who are thoroughly aware that the present is the cheapest period ever known in Toronto for building, were to adopt a policy of lending amounts equivalent to the cost of the structure upon land which is but slightly encumbered, I am quite sure there would be a boom in Toronto this year and that scores of important structures would be erected. The money-lenders seem to imagine that things may become worse, and insist upon making no advance exceeding fifty or sixty per cent. If they hold this idea, with oceans of capital at their disposal, they impress the private citizen with their views and he declines to build at all. A little liberality shown just now would encourage a large number of private citizens



MOONRISE IN ITALY.

are they remiss in their devotions. The modern Christian seems to hold his principles more lightly and to make his practice more opposite to his principles than any of the heathens or half-civilized peoples do. He professes everything and he does nothing. Satisfied with conforming to the rules laid down for him by his church, he feels that he has made all the sacrifices necessary, has embraced everything that is necessary, and proceeds to do the most exasperatingly evil things for self-interest or because he has no interest, and looks upon all those who take an opposite view as bigots. It seems to me there is an easier system applicable to one's own life and consistent with civilization and religion, and that is, in public matters at least, to always do right, considering the moment but little, the individual as but an atom, the whole people and the great future as those really concerned. This may be wrong. If taking politics seriously is wrong, this is wrong. If taking religion as a belief in something more than forms and as a struggling for something ultimately higher than being a vestryman, is being too serious, then the taking of religion seriously is a mistake.

I am excusable, I hope, for only beginning to see the popular joke of politics and religion. I had not even dreamed that there was a humorous side to the thing or things. They seem to me sacred enough to be worth living for, aside from the petty affairs of every day. It is evident, however, if my friend is right, that a man must divest himself of all the qualities of thoughtfulness and conscientiousness and take the thing as it goes; laugh at or aside with parties without any compunctions; follow the leaders without question; go into the ditch and wade through the quagmires without an oppressive anything more than the idea of a wash and a squirt at the horizon as to where something more pleasant can be found. Truly enough this is an easy doctrine and one worthy to be adopted. Do not take

mittent culture or occasional meals at the hands of those who consider themselves very much our superiors. They made a mistake and it is one that should not be altogether forgotten. I imagine it is a mistake sufficient to prevent Lord Aberdeen from mounting the diplomatic ladder very much higher, for governments everywhere have already observed that the diplomatic ladder can hardly stand the weight of a man and his wife, while it might be quite steady under the weight of the man himself. I do not wish to decry the virtue of the estimable couple who have spared neither time, money nor energy to ingratiate themselves, and who morally and religiously are exceedingly well qualified to lead this misguided people into greener pastures than those in which they have been accustomed to browse, but they also have made the mistake of being too serious.

It was very amusing to see some of the daily papers when reporting the so-called boycott at the reception in Ottawa, declaring that it excited the deepest sort of indignation, inasmuch as Lord and Lady Aberdeen had recently given some very handsome dinners and entertainments. Certainly the Ottawa people, if they fed at the vice-regal table, should have the good taste to bow before the vice-regal couple in the Senate Chamber. It is really difficult to see "where we are at" here in Canada when people are fed and refuse to follow. It is more serious than it seems on the surface, for if people refuse to follow, logically we must question who will ultimately be fool enough to feed, and without being fed, where are we?

It is all very well for the City Engineer to sit down and figure out the pavements that need replacing, but the people who are to be assessed for these improvements are not likely to quietly submit to his dictation in the matter. For ten years I have paid taxes on a cedar block roadway that has been no good for the past five years, being, indeed, much worse than the balance of the street, which is only macadamized.

of the Government to ask for an investigation, to defeat the investigation, and then to quietly proceed with the reforms which were originally demanded. This is the best that we can now hope for. With the present staff and the same Siberian discipline, we can expect nothing but a noisy and disorganized period which will do the University great harm. The shorter the Government makes this period the better. It is evident that President London had decided that the students should not triumph when he forestalled an independent enquiry by asking for one himself, and the result bears ample evidence that this decision was not changed by any over-anxiety on the part of either the commissioners or the Government to give the students the best of it. The duty still devolves upon Hon. G. W. Ross and his colleagues to remove the "irritating substances" so disagreeable to the students.

The University evidently has the fashionable disease known as *appendicitis*. An operation within reasonable time would prevent general inflammation. The warning has probably been sufficient, and further comment would be neither advisable nor likely to hasten the longed-for day when better men and better managers will occupy the chairs of the few who are now so unpopular. It must be remembered, however, that there is a little army of professors in the University who have never been complained of, while the objectionable ones can be counted on the fingers of one hand, and it would be an obvious injustice not to separate the efficient and popular and praiseworthy men from the few whose absence is so earnestly desired, not only by the students but by the public. The following letter sums up the whole matter and should be read and remembered:

TORONTO, April 28, 1895.  
DEAR DON—Let me assure you on behalf of the undergraduates of the University of Toronto that your frank and fearless statements regarding the troubles at the great provincial seat of learning have met with appreciation.



to put up buildings that they need and the surplus portions of which they could rent.

The agitation against a wine and beer license on the Island is one of those narrow-minded movements which should not have the support of reasonable people. As everybody knows, the surreptitious sale of liquor is more damaging than the open and decently conducted bar. Those who drink wine and beer must be exceedingly greedy or else they will not become intoxicated. There are half a dozen club houses and private "joints" on the Island which cater for those who have money enough to obtain a membership. Those who are in the habit of drinking and do not know the ropes, are apt to take their own liquor with them and to drink to excess. Thousands of instances could be found of people who take their families to the Island and, wanting a drink, leave them there and cross the Bay to get it, and, knowing they will get no more, never cease until they are full of alcohol. It is better to have a moderated evil than a gigantic evil such as pocket-flasks and the guzzling of stuff in fifteen minutes that would have little effect if taken in two or three hours, but which means drunkenness if taken all at once. I am seriously of the opinion that the Island would be better off with a wine and beer license in the hands of reliable people than without anything. Moreover, the license is but for the season, and the experiment should be tried.

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT has a namesake in Winnipeg in which it is largely interested. This paper consequently has an interest in Manitoban affairs which has no counterpart amongst the other publications of Toronto. I frequently visit the chief city of the West in connection with this enterprise, and I know for a fact that the intelligent people of Winnipeg look upon the pretense that the Hudson Bay Railroad is a commercial enterprise, not only with suspicion but with absolute contempt. That the Dominion Government has been toying with this thing, that rumor asserts that money has already been pledged to the promoters of this hare-brained scheme involving a railroad which runs to nowhere through but little other than rock and muskeg, is a scandal to the intelligence of Canada. We have no \$2,500,000 to sink in an enterprise of this sort. No doubt it would do Winnipeg good to have this money expended, but it is old enough, and large enough, and strong enough to live otherwise than on the proceeds of what would be nothing but a robbery of the public treasury. I am told that the Dominion Opposition claim to have information which leads them to believe that a corrupt deal has been made in connection with this railroad, and that its promoters are spending, or are prepared to spend, large amounts for political purposes. I am informed and, as the statutes regarding declarations set forth, do verily believe that a newspaper has been purchased, and one at least subsidized, by some of the promoters in order to consummate a deal that I feel certain is absolutely wrong and will finally inflict irreparable injury upon the North-West and its chief city.

We have scandals enough on hand, and if the politicians now assembled as members of the last session of this Parliament at Ottawa follow out their programme, I am afraid that the Conservative party will not benefit thereby. What with stallions subsidized at six thousand dollars a year—though the animals cost less than one year's bonus, and are so inferior that they were refused entrance in Western horse exhibits—and a twenty-five thousand dollar sleight-of-hand business in putting through a charter in which one Minister, it is alleged, is deeply involved, and one more or less implicated, we cannot afford any Hudson Bay Railroad dirt which may equal in its political results the odium of the old Canadian Pacific scandal. If I am not misinformed the stallion business will astound the farmers of Canada when explained to them, and if the twenty-five thousand dollar job has been fastened upon a Minister of the Crown the whitewash brush will have to be kept busy all session. Then again there is said to be a letter-box deal involving thousands of dollars and many reputations! The Hudson Bay business is being pushed through by contractors whose names I could give and whose contributions to the cost of helping the Government over a ditch are sufficient to prove that they are by no means disinterested. However, I have already outlined what is likely to happen in this session and it is unnecessary to go further. All we can do is to hope that the Parliament now in session has sufficient sense and patriotism to have a good housecleaning, and if the dirty suds are splattered on the Conservative party it will be their own fault.

Mr. Goldwin Smith may always be relied upon to throw his weight against Canada in an emergency. No one will therefore be surprised to find him, now that the crisis is at hand, opposed to the Canadian Copyright Act. Mr. Lancelfield, who is in charge of Hamilton's Free Library, is the man to send to England with the officer of the Crown who has been asked for, and if the Copyright Association is consulted, Mr. Lancelfield will be nominated.

Wednesday night's meeting must have convinced Hon. Mr. Sifton that the time and trouble that he has devoted to convincing Ontario of the justice of Manitoba's attitude is well appreciated in Toronto, if not in Haldimand. The enthusiasm of the reception, I am told, was unusual, the speeches excellent and the result likely to convince the Government that in Toronto at least no man can be elected who does not give an iron-clad pledge that he will oppose remedial legislation, no matter in what shape it is proposed. Mr. McCarthy, too, has a right to feel that his efforts are not unappreciated. It is not infrequently the case that a slight reverse at the beginning of a campaign is of enormous value to those repulsed, inasmuch as renewed efforts are put forth and the fear of disaster stimulates both the rank and file and the leaders of the movement to make a supreme effort.

To some people there seemed to be a note of weakness in the interview with Hon. Mr. Sifton, which was published a few days

ago. Hon. Mr. Costigan's speech in the House of Commons also suggested a compromise. I, for one, am in favor of no surrender, no bartering away of what is right in order to obtain temporary peace. Harmony purchased in this way is but the mother of new feuds; it is accepted as a guarantee of the success of new and even more insolent demands. The present fight should be fought to a finish, and then we will know where we are.

Presumably there will be no further arguments as to whether Mr. Dobell of Quebec West is a Liberal or a Conservative. Neither will there be any dispute as to whether "Uncle Tom" McGreevy, who has been declared elected, belongs to the Conservative party. His unsavory record and the threat of more scandals this session will, I fear, be found rather embarrassing to the party to which he still clings. He will probably be introduced by Sir Adolphe Caron and Mr. Ives, or possibly Hon. Mr. Angers will take his other arm. It is to be regretted that there may be no band to play The Conquering Hero Comes, but Mr. McGreevy may be quite sure that the people of this country will be thinking about him and wondering where the remnant of our political morality is to be found.

#### Money Matters.

It is gratifying to note the improvement in earnings of the Grand Trunk and C.P.R. railways. During the past few weeks the decreases have become less and in the case of the Grand Trunk have turned to increases. Last week the Grand Trunk earnings showed an increase of \$700 as compared with those of the corresponding week last year, and the C.P.R. showed a decrease of but \$2,000. Of course it must not be forgotten that present earnings compare with last year's low earnings. Still the inference that must be drawn is that the revenues of both companies have reached low water mark and that an improvement is altogether likely now that general trade is improving.

C.P.R. stock has taken quite a rise of late, selling in Toronto as high as 45½. The strength is due, it is said, to short covering in London. It is not improbable, however, that in view of the more promising outlook the shorts have deemed it wise to cover, so that the real strength arises from the improvement in general business.

A reliable proof that trade is reviving is found in the statement of the chartered banks for March. It is shown that loans on commercial paper were over \$3,000,000 more than in the month previous.

Toronto Railway has been quite strong during the past ten days. It will be remembered that two weeks ago I gave a tip to buy it at 73. It fell to 72 and is steadily advanced. I think it is likely to take a further upward movement.

Bell Telephone is at present considered to be under a cloud. The organization of a large company in the United States to compete with the Bell has caused a little shaking out here and the stock has declined. I would not advise holders to sell just now. I have seen attacks directed against the Bell Telephone Company, which, while looking quite menacing for the moment, passed aside in due time and vanished out of sight. The Standard Telephone Company, however, has \$600,000 of capital and intends to tackle Canada, and the Toronto monopoly ends in September, 1896. This, in face of the fact that from the nature of the business, competition in telephone is undesirable and impracticable. In Manchester and Montreal competition was tried for a while, but in both cities it ended in the monopoly being re-established.

Western Assurance and British America have been quiet of late. It is probable that both stocks will work up a few points. The half-yearly dividends are not far away. Richelieu is again being boosted. It is said that this company is now managed better than at any time in its history. This stock, however, it will be well to bear in mind, bore the record of being a treacherous quicksand. Heavy losses have repeatedly been made in it when its future looked as promising as it does now. I should not care to advise it as an investment.

It looks as if real estate in the city was on the mend. I have heard of numerous instances of advances in rent. While these advances are by no means general, they serve to show which way the wind blows. I am inclined to think that rents have reached bottom and that real estate values are also on the ground floor.

#### Social and Personal.

His Excellency the Governor-General and His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor attended the St. George's Society dinner on Tuesday night.

Tuesday afternoon His Excellency the Governor-General, accompanied by His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Commander Law, visited the Art Galleries on King street, where the Royal Canadian Academy Exhibition is now in progress, and spent a more or less pleasant hour there examining the pictures and conversing about art. Among the artists present to greet these notable guests were: Messrs. B. L. O'Brien, Homer Watson, M. Matthews, W. A. Sherwood, E. Wyly Grier, Carl Ahrens, F. M. Bell-Smith, James Smith, secretary R. C. A., O. R. Jacobi, A. R. Williamson, J. W. L. Forster, R. F. Gagen, and A. H. Heming of Hamilton.

The Provost of Trinity has been at last selected, the office having been accepted by Rev. Edward Ashurst Welch, vicar of Gatehead, Durham, England. Provost Welch will arrive in Toronto in a few weeks.

A very jolly wind-up to the fast receding season of dances was given by the Arzonaut Club in St. George's Hall on Wednesday evening. The hall was prettily decorated in the pale and dark blue colors of the Club, with crossed oars, a shell, and other appropriate "fixins." The large central chandelier was softly shrouded in rose color, which lent a very nice shade to the pretty faces and smart gowns below. A grand and patriotic display of gas, in the form of a V. R. and crown, blazed in front of the musicians' gallery during the earlier part of the evening. Later on some canny soul, whose temperature was perhaps hotter than his patriotism, turned off the radiating glory and decreased the discomfort of a rather overheated room. The affair was very smart and the dancing was carried on with great verve. A number of new faces (probably our visitors to the Horse Show and Yaw concert accounted for most of them) lent lustre to the scene. Among the lady patronesses present were: Mrs. Kirkpatrick, in black velvet and silk, with diamonds; Mrs. Sweny, in white silk with dainty touches of pale green velvet; Mrs. Montisambert, in black silk and lace; Mrs. Blackstock, in white satin

and pearls; Mrs. Buchanan, in white silk. One hears queerly conflicting testimony as to a dance. One young creature, *pleine de la joie de vivre*, as the French say, rapturously exclaimed, as she skimmed past, "What a perfectly lovely dance," and in a moment, another with a bored sort of smile remarked, "There seems a lack of go in this dance; rather stupid is it not?" Perhaps one's opinions thus often confess one's own state of mind! Bored or buoyant, however, there was no lack of go, and an over-abundance of fun abroad in some quarters. The music was unusually good and the floor in fine condition. Webb catered very nicely. By the way, could not the St. George's Hall people do something in the way of staining the floors of the basement? They are anything but nice in their present streaked condition. The sitting-out room, with its buffet of ices and Sauterne cup, was very cool and pleasant.

Hundreds of lovers of our canine friends, who are doubtless jubilant over the defeat of the muzzle by law, have crowded the Bench Show given by the Toronto Kennel Club on Thursday and yesterday, and admired the very fine show of dogs thereat. I hope to give some extra particulars about the show next week. Many smart people have sent their pets, great and small, and the contests have been very close in some cases for the coveted ribbon. The cute fox-terriers and small frowzy Skyes are perhaps most popular as ladies' pets. I know at least one of these wee creatures who has an account at a fashionable butcher's, and is spoken of by his mistress's servants as *Master Dandy*.

Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Macdonald have taken a house on Madison avenue, where they will remove next week.

Mr. Charlie Wadsworth, the well known yachtsman, went over to England to buy a yacht some months ago. Fate overtook him on the way and he returned last week with a charming American bride. Mr. and Mrs. Wadsworth are at the Arlington.

We have some sweetly pretty girls in Toronto just now. At the Normal School on Monday I was quite fascinated with a daintily chiseled face, soft cheeks touched with pink and girlish shoulders around which a drooping *berthe* of deep white lace veiled a little flock of quaker gray. A perfect type of highbred beauty is this sweet maiden, who is indeed none too dainty to wield a conquering tennis racket or swing a very knowing golf club.

Next Monday evening's concert in St. George's Hall will be under the patronage of His Honor the Lieutenant Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Alexander Cameron, Lieut. Colonel and Mrs. Milligan, and other social lights.

The Canadian Jockey Club races are being looked forward to with keen interest. The races open on Tuesday, May 21, and continue for the balance of the week. The Queen's Plate will be run on opening day, also the Red Coats Race, so that we shall plunge into the thick of it on the start. Large parties of visitors from outside towns will spend the week here.

The first At Home of the Canadian Order of the Woodmen of the World will be held in Temperance Hall on Monday evening, April 29.

Rev. H. Grasset Baldwin, who has had such a siege of illness during the past season, left on Thursday with Mrs. Baldwin for a six months' visit in England.

Mrs. Blackford of Gore Vale receives only on the first and third Fridays of each month.

What has happened to our girls this spring? At the Charity Ball men were in the majority, a thing so unusual that one scarcely believes it, and I am told of a private dance last week where there were over a score more men than girls, and "They did look so cross," said my informant in gleeful wickedness.

The Misses Humphrey of 536 Church street gave a lily tea from three to five o'clock on Tuesday afternoon in honor of Misses Helen and Ray Morrison of Detroit. *Tete a tete* tables were decorated with lilies-of-the-valley and carnations. A large number of lady friends, with a sprinkling of the sterner sex, were present.

Mr. and Mrs. Sheppard Hetherington have taken a house on Springhurst avenue, where they will remove to-day.

Mrs. Wade of London, Ont., has been spending Easter week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Waller, Dowling avenue.

Deer Park Presbyterian church was the scene of an exceedingly pretty wedding on Tuesday evening. The floral decorations were very elaborate, the pews for the guests being garlanded and the platform transformed into a bower of rare palms and ferns, among which gleamed calla lilies and white flowers of all descriptions. Behind the bank of foliage, Prof. Torrington gave organ selections while the guests were arriving, and upon the approach of the bridal party broke out into the stirring strains of the Wedding March. The bride, Miss Florence M. Burnside, daughter of Mr. J. T. M. Burnside of the Bank of Toronto, was preceded by the aisle by the ushers, Messrs. J. D. Spence, Thrift Burnside, J. E. Jones, D. Mullholland and W. S. Ormiston, and the bridesmaids, Misses Nora Burnside, Louise Weatherston, Meda Pierson of Newark, N. J., Lillie Mullholland, Elizabeth Gibson and Nettie Hull of Detroit. The bride's dress was of white duchess satin, made *en train*, and trimmed with chiffon. The veil of Brussels lace was held in place by orange blossoms and the bouquet was of lilies-of-the-valley. The bridesmaids were gowned in white and pink, with alpine hats and shepherd's crooks; the maid of honor, Miss

Nora Burnside, being in pure white. The maids, holding their crooks aloft, which were decorated with roses and ribbons, formed an arch under which the bride passed to the altar, where the bridegroom, Mr. Robert J. Gibson, awaited her, with his groomsmen, Mr. Fletcher C. Snider. The ceremony was conducted by Rev. Alex. Gilray, pastor of the College street Presbyterian church, assisted by Rev. J. H. White. From the church the bridal party and guests repaired to Oak Lawn, Mr. Burnside's residence, where a reception was held. The young couple received the congratulations of their friends standing in an alcove of flowers and palms, beneath an immense bell of roses and smilax. The guests numbered about two hundred. After an elaborate supper the young couple left to take the train for New York, whence they will sail for Great Britain and the Continent, followed by the good wishes of hosts of friends. Mr. and Mrs. Burnside and Miss Nora will join Mr. and Mrs. Gibson in New York, to sail by the *Eururia* on Saturday, and will be absent three or four months.

Mrs. Cattanauch has taken apartments at Mrs. Duckworth's until she leaves for England.

Mr. Eldridge Staunton has returned home much benefited by the Detroit baths and his trip south.

A very jolly euchre club party was held at Bromley House on Saturday evening.

Mrs. Walter Barwick is rapidly recovering from her accident. By the way, I heard of another *contretemps* which resulted in a serious hurt to Mrs. J. Ross Robertson, who was unfortunate enough to cut her foot quite badly in New York recently. What might have been a grave matter, was under careful treatment only a temporary inconvenience.

Mrs. Robert J. Christie of 29 Queen's park will receive on the afternoons and evenings of May 1, 2 and 3.

The Trinity Dramatic Club left last Wednesday for Guelph, Woodstock, Brantford and Hamilton, where they will produce *The Magistrate* as performed so successfully in Toronto. The parts will be filled by the same *caste*, with the exception of Miss Leslie Preston of the Victoria Dramatic Club, who kindly consented at very short notice to fill the vacancy caused by Mrs. Cecil Gibson, who was unfortunately unable to accompany the Club.

Mrs. George C. Rogers' charming little daughter Verna gave a wee girls' tea on Tuesday.

Miss Fraser and Mrs. Wilson Bell of Brandon, Manitoba, are visiting Mrs. Moffatt of Huntley street.

Cards are out for the fourth annual At Home of the Victoria Dramatic Club, to be held in Dovercourt Hall on Thursday, May 9, and can be obtained from any member of the committee, which is as follows: Messrs. A. E. Kirkpatrick, E. S. Read, Claude S. N. Norrie, C. S. Foster, H. Gerald Wade, A. G. Langley, R. S. Cowan, C. F. Ambury, G. T. Denison, Jr., and H. F. Strickland.

Mrs. Alexander Cameron returned from New York and left this week for Chicago.

Miss Cheesborough of New York has been a guest at Ravenswood. I am sorry to hear that the mistress of this pleasant home has not been at all well.

The closing meeting of the West End Whist Club was held last week at the residence of Mr. S. T. Bastedo, Robert street, after a very enjoyable and successful season. The prizes were awarded to the players who had scored the highest and the lowest number of points, Mrs. R. G. Wilkie receiving the first prize among the ladies and Mr. Adam Ballantyne first among the gentlemen. The booby prizes went to Mr. J. A. Little and Mrs. (Dr.) Millman. An amusing feature of the evening was a rubber between the four prize winners, in which the boobies defeated the couple who headed the lists.

On Wednesday evening, April 17, at seven o'clock, at St. Paul's church, Bloor street, Mr. T. M. Stuart of Niagara Falls, N.Y., was married to Miss May Smith, second daughter of Mr. W. E. Smith of this city. The ceremony was performed by Rev. T. C. Des Barres. Miss Violet Stuart and Miss Ethel Smith, the bridesmaids, were becomingly attired and looked pretty in blue and white silk trimmed with cream point lace. Mr. J. Reginald Smith and Mr. George Stuart were groomsmen. The pretty bride looked charming in white silk, with veil caught up with orange blossoms, and carried a bouquet of white roses. Two cute little children, Master Jack Stuart and Miss Receptie Stewart, acted as page and maid. A reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents prior to the departure of the newly married couple on the midnight train for a tour through the Eastern States.

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## Social and Personal.



VERY paper and every voice has declared the success of the Horse Show, of which nothing remains but a delightful memory and a balance of several thousands of dollars. The interest and attendance gradually and wonderfully increased each day, and on Saturday night the vast expanse of the grand stand was packed with many-colored gowns, hats, and bonnets in close array, while here and there a glossy top hat and black coat relieved the eye, dazzled with the kaleidoscopic scene. The lady riders were the principal drawing card, and very neat and smart they looked. Mrs. J. K. Kerr, the prize winner, in a faultless get-up, glossy silk hat and perfectly fitting habit; Mrs. Carruthers, a knowing rider, whose businesslike style proved her to be the manor born, in a Derby with a trim cloth habit and neat dicky and tie; Miss Edna Lee, slim and graceful, in dark habit and Derby; Miss Mabel Cawthra, in that gray habit and close little soft hat which have followed the hounds so often and so gamely; Miss Beardmore, in dark habit and Derby, on a horse like Neddy's donkey, "wot wouldn't go;" and the visitors, Miss Macdonald of New York, whom we feel inclined to claim for Toronto, Miss Jones of the well known Brockville family, and little Miss Dill of Orange, N. J., with her flaxen hair in a pigtail and her hat firmly elasticated under her chin. After a long trial Mrs. Kerr, Mrs. Carruthers and Miss Dill were lined up, and the lady of Rathnelly was given the red ribbon, Mrs. Carruthers the blue, and Miss Dill a bouquet of pink roses almost as large as her small self, with a v. h. c. ribbon. Mrs. Kirkpatrick and the Lieutenant-Governor left their box and were escorted to the judges' enclosure in the center of the oval, where they probably had a good view of the brilliant scene of which they had lately been the central point. To describe the gowns would be a task necessitating more space than is at my disposal. Many of them came from the work-rooms of New York's smartest modistes; many more were the creations of our own clever artists; half a dozen had crossed the channel and the Atlantic; in fact, a society woman told me of having seen several of them at her dressmaker's in Paris and at once recognizing them at the show. The hats were vast; the bonnets, microscopic; the capes, wonderful; and the gowns duly voluminous. A remarkably pretty girl had a summery-looking hat wreathed with pink clover. A handsome dark-eyed matron had two deep red roses on either side of a jet butterfly, and lo! a bonnet. There was a hat, wide, dense and plumed which provoked to impotent wrath the unfortunates in the rear seats, for the wearer was excitable and would stand up at the critical moment, when her noble *chapeau* made many good people say words not in the catechism. The band of the 48th played on closing night, and the bonnie pipers had their innings, whereas all Scots rejoiced. And so the show, which opened promisingly, closed a triumphant success and will be pigeon-holed alongside the Jockey Club races as a future date never to be missed by the happy people who are really in the swim.

On Wednesday and Thursday of next week Miss Mason holds at her studio on North street an exhibition of decorated china and glass. Her work in flowers and fruit is exquisite and particularly does she excel in the painting of roses, which show the result of much work from nature. The beauty of the various flower and shell effects is much enhanced by a charming setting of unique paste and enamel work. An entirely new feature of the exhibition, that is to be, is the decorated glass, of which I believe there is none done elsewhere in Canada. The beauty and delicacy of this work, as well as its elaborate design, show the amount of time and study that have been given to this branch of art. Altogether this exhibition cannot fail to delight those who have the good fortune to see it.

The marriage of Miss Mary Noble McConnell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander McConnell, and Mr. George H. Doran of Toronto, was solemnized on April 10 at 11.30 o'clock at the family residence, 1853 Sherman Avenue, Evanston, Ill. Miss Anna McConnell was bridesmaid, and Mr. J. W. Kerr of Toronto acted as groomsmen. The bride was attired in a tan traveling costume, and carried lilies of the valley. The bridal party entered the parlor to the music of the Mendelssohn Wedding March. Service was read by Rev. N. H. Hillis. After the ceremony a reception followed and a wedding breakfast was served. The tables were brightened by center-pieces of orchids and daffodils, and a profusion of the same flowers, intermingled with palms and ferns, prevailed throughout the parlors. Mr. and Mrs. Doran left on a trip through the East.

A brilliant audience filled the Normal School theater on Monday evening for Miss Eva Jones's piano recital for the Children's Aid Society, in gala array, making the pretty room a veritable flower garden, and listened to a programme of charming selections excellently rendered. Miss Jones, who takes her art seriously, as becomes one destined to make her name a guarantee of conscientious and satisfactory interpretation, was beautifully gowned in shot silk, with brocaded sleeves en *poire*, and touches of delicate white lace. After several numbers she was loaded with roses, and, being recalled, bowed thanks over a mammoth bouquet. Miss Evelyn de Latre Street, in a soft lilac cream frock, played in her customary finished manner. Mr. Wylly Griesang a French and a German song. Miss Jones's repertoire included Bach, Beethoven, Schumann, Schumann, Schumann, Grieg, and in the place of honor—last on the list—Liszt. During the latter half of the programme the rain streamed lustily on the arched glass dome, causing some anxious dames to give divided attention to the feast of sweet harmonies. However, it fortunately



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cleared up a little by half-past ten, when the smart crowd wrapped itself up and departed. A few of those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Lee, the Misses Lee, Mrs. and the Misses

Chadwick, Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, Mrs. and Miss Lella Macdonald, Dr. and Miss Katie Stevenson, Mr. and Mrs. Macfarlane, the Misses Macfarlane, Miss Drayton, the Misses Taylor of Florahelm, Mrs. Irving and Miss Cameron, Mrs. Farrar, Mrs. DuMoulin, Mr. and Mrs. Somerville, Mrs. Hetherington, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Miss White, Mrs. and the Misses Brock, the Misses Carty, Mrs. and Miss Hoskins, Mrs. Hoskins, Miss Small, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Macklem, Mr. and Mrs. Galbraith, Mrs. and Miss Holmstead, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Brock, Mr. Cawthra, Mrs. and Miss Hodgins, Mr. Kerr Osborne, Miss Paton, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gibson, Hon. Lyman Jones, Miss Parsons, Mrs. Bristol, Mrs. and Miss Cawthra, Hon. T. W. and Mrs. Anglin, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Beatty, Miss Gunther, Mr. and Mrs. Mara, Mrs. Andrew Smith, Mrs. and the Misses Elmslie, Mrs. Lowndsbrough, Herr Ruth, Miss Hagarty, Mr. and the Misses Read, Mr. F. Campbell, Miss Temple, Rev. Ernest and Mrs. Wood, Judge and Mrs. Rose, Miss Louie Jones and Miss Olive White guided pretty silken bags up and down the ranks of people, and said bags grew heavy with the offerings of those who have a kind thought for the friendless little ones of our city.

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## CHAPTER XIII.

"O, coward, coward, how dost thou mist me?"

"For you, miss," says she, handing the basket to Susan.

Susan turns crimson. That basket! She knows it well.

"For me!" stammers she.

"Yes, miss."

"Who—nervously—" who brought it?"

"A boy, miss." For an instant Susan's heart feels relief, but for an instant only.

"Whose boy?" falters she.

"I don't know, miss. He came an' wint in a flash like. I hope, miss, as there isn't anythin' destructive in it," says Jane, whose misfortunes of the morning have raised in her a pessimistic spirit. "They do say thim moonlighters are goin' about agin."

"Do you mean to say the messenger said nothing?"

"No, miss, except that it was for you. That was all, miss, and I'm not deaf, though I wish I was, before I heard all that was said to me this mornin' about an old cup that—"

Here she lifts her apron and sniffs vigorously behind it.

"Oh, it can't be for me," says Susan with decision. "Take it away, Jane. There has been some mistake, of course. Take it away at once. Do you hear? The—boy will probably call for it again in a little time."

"I don't think he will, miss. He looked like a runaway," says Jane.

"Good heavens! How interesting!" says Mr. Fitzgerald, breaking at last into the charmed silence that has held them all since the advent of Jane and the mysterious basket.

"Who can this unknown admirer be? No doubt it contains roses," starting at the basket, "or heliotropes—heliotropes in the language of love means devotion! Susan, are you above a peep?"

"Yes, I am," says Susan hastily.

"I am not!" says Betty, springing forward and pulling open the cover. "Oh, I say! Cherries! And such beauties too! Susan, you are in luck."

"And so are we," says Fitzgerald, putting a hand lightly over her shoulder and drawing up a bunch of the pretty fruit between his fingers.

"Oh, I think we ought not to eat them—I do indeed," says Susan, in a small agony. There can be no doubt now about the fact that the thief, repentant and struck to the very soul by her eloquent pleadings, had sought to redeem himself in her eyes by sending the stolen cherries to her. Whether with a view of giving her the pleasure of eating them, or with the higher desire of proving to her that he hadn't devoured them, must, she feels and hopes (because to meet him again would be very unpleasant to her) for ever remain unknown.

"Poor fellow!" thinks she, regarding the cherries with mixed emotions, that are not altogether devoid of admiration for her own hitherto unimagined powers of persuasion.

"He was certainly and sincerely penitent. One could see that." She feels quite an uplifting of her soul. Perhaps, who knows, she has been born as a worthy successor to Mrs. Fry, or some of those good people. But then, after all, it is undoubtedly to Mr. Crosby he should have made restitution, not to her. It is, however, difficult to restore English cherries, a rather perishable commodity to an owner who happens to be at the moment in the middle of Africa or America—or China for all she knows.

"Not eat them," says Betty indignantly.

"Why, what else are you going to do with them? Make them into jam?"

"They are not mine—I'm sure they are not mine," says Susan.

"Who, for instance, could have sent them?"

Here Jacky makes a movement.

"Jacky, you know nothing!" cries Susan, turning indignant, warning eyes upon him; whereupon Jacky, remembering his promise, subsides once again into dismal silence.

"Jacky, I smell a conspiracy!" says Dominick, who has caught the look between them.

"And you are the Head Center. Speak, boy, whilst yet there is time!"

"I've nothing to say," says Jacky sulkily, who is naturally of a somewhat morose disposition and now feels positively ill at not being able to divulge the delightful story of which these glowing cherries are the result.

"Susan, I do believe you have at last got an admirer!" says Carew, in the complimentary tone of the orthodox brother, who never can understand why on earth any fellow can admire his sister. "Come! out with it; he seems a sensible fellow anyway. Flowers are awful hot, but there's something in cherries."

"Betty, when I fall in love with you I'll present you with a course of goodies," says Dominick, regarding that damsel with an encouraging eye.

"I have no admirers, as you all know," says Susan, her pale and lovely face a little heightened in color. She is thinking with horror of what would have happened if that poor awful thief had brought them in person. But of course he was afraid.

"Perhaps Lady Millbank sent them," suggests Betty, after a violent discussion with Fitzgerald on the head of his last remark. "I saw her in town yesterday."

"So did I," says Carew. "Like a sack—not tied in the middle."

Susan feels almost inclined in the emergencies of the moment to say "Perhaps so," and let it stand at that, but conscience forbids her.

"She would have sent a footman and her card," says she dejectedly. "No," decidedly, and preparing to close up the basket, "they are not meant for me, and even if they were, I could not accept them unless I knew where they came from."

"Do you mean that you are not going to give us some?" says Betty, rising, not only figuratively but actually, to the occasion, and standing over Susan. "I never heard anything so mean in all my life."

"Susan!" says Fitzgerald mildly but firmly, "if you think to escape alive from this spot with these cherries, let me at once warn you of a sense of impending danger."

"Oh! I say, Susan, don't be a fool," says

Carew, turning his lazy length upon the grass, a manoeuvre that brings him much closer to Susan and the cherries.

"It's a beastly shame," says Jacky in a growl. And at this little Tom, as if moved to the very soul—or stomach—sets up a piteous howl.

Susan, with all the "young martyr" air about her, looks sternly around. No. She will not give in, and it is perfectly disgusting of them to think so much of eating things. Her glance flashes at Jacky, who is scowling and threatening her with the fellest of all fell eyes, and then descends at last on Bonnie!

Bonnie, who is lying in her arms, his pretty, thin, patient little face against her shoulder. Poor little Bonnie! Darling little Bonnie! who has said nothing—not a word—but whose gentle eyes are now resting on the fruit. Bonnie, whose appetite is always miserable—so difficult to please. Susan, seeing that silent, wistful glance, feels her heart sink within her.

Must she—must she deny him? Her poor little delicate boy. Her best beloved of all the many that she loves. Oh, the must. She will be firm. These cherries really are not hers. Even for Bonnie she—

The child sits in her arms and sighs, the faintest, gentlest little sigh, only one who loved him could have heard it, but with that little sigh went out all Susan's stern resolutions. Almost unconsciously her hand goes towards the basket that holds the cherries. Slowly, slowly, at first, as if held back, but as it nears the glowing fruit it makes a rush, as it were, dives into it and in a second more Bonnie's thin little paws are filled with a huge and crimson bunch of the sweet cherries.

Alas! for Susan's principles. They have all vanished away like snow in the sun, beneath two little pain-filled eyes.

Alas! for Susan's principles again. As Bonnie's white little face lights up as she catches the pretty fruit and bites one of them into two with his sharp, childish teeth, and as after that he lifts the other half of it to Susan's mouth and presses it against her closed but smiling lips, she does not refuse him. She opens her lips and against all her beliefs lets the stolen thing glide between them. The happy laughter of the child as she takes the fruit is nectar to her, and in a little joyous way she hugs him to her, catching him against her breast, and though she does not know it her one thought is this:

"Let all things go, so long as this one is happy." And certainly Bonnie for the moment is happy with his cherries. But the cherry he gave her is the first and only one out of her basket that passes between her lips. And that is self-denial. I can tell you from experience, for a girl of eighteen.

After this there is a general raid upon the basket, Betty and Fitzgerald being quite conspicuous in their efforts to secure the largest cherries, whilst Jacky runs them very hard. And Susan, afraid lest the supply should fall before Bonnie gets a handsome share, pulls him to her and fills his little hands. But her own hands! Never! Stern is her youthful virtue! Those stolen cherries! No, no! she could not touch them, and, besides, to watch Bonnie's delight in them is enough for her.

Bonnie! It seems such a sad critique upon the little fragile child racked with rheumatism and so sadly disabled by it.

In happier days, when he was, in truth, the bonniest little being of them all, his poor mother—now mercifully in heaven—had given him the dear pet name. And of course it had clung to him through all the ills that followed.

The beginning was so simple, so easy to be described. A wet day when the child had escaped from home and had been forgotten upon the early dinner reminded them of him. There were so many to remember, and they all ran so loosely here and there that up to that hour no one had missed him. His mother was dead! The keynote of course lay there. She was dead and lying in her grave for a year or more, and the young things who tried to take her place, when they had asked a question or two never thought of Bonnie again. Carew, the eldest boy, then only twelve, did not appear at dinner either, and it was naturally and carelessly supposed that Bonnie was with him.

Alas! for little Bonnie. Late that night he was discovered and brought home, saturated to the skin and almost lifeless. Asleep he had been found beneath the shade of a big beech tree, and sleep eternal he would have known indeed had he not been discovered before morning by the frightened people from the vicarage, who, when night set in, had gone hunting for him far and near. The rector himself roused from his notes and papers by Susan's terrors, had joined in the search, but it was Susan who found him, tired, exhausted (after a ramble in which he had lost himself, poor little soul) and wet through from the rain that had fallen incessantly since three o'clock in the afternoon.

It was Susan who carried him home, staggering sometimes beneath the weight, but strong in the very misery of her fear. When at last home was reached, it was Susan who undressed him and lay awake the long night through with him, holding him in her warm arms to heat his shivering little body. And indeed when the morning came he seemed nothing the worse for his exposure.

But toward the evening he began to shiver again and next day he was lying prone, racked with all the pangs of the rheumatic fever. They twisted and tore his little frame, and though at the last the doctor pulled him through and he rose again from his bed, it was but as a shadow of his former merry self—a stricken child—a cripple for life.

Poor Susan—then thirteen—took it sorely to heart. Her mother in heaven! Had she looked down that night when Bonnie lay under the dripping tree, and seen her pretty lamb alone, deserted! The mother who had left him to Susan to look after and care for. She had seemed to think more of Bonnie in her dying moments than of the baby who had brought death to her with his own life. Susan had been left in charge, as it were—sweet Susan—who was barely twelve and who, with her soft,

shy ways and lovely face, should have been left in charge herself to someone capable of guiding her tender footsteps across earth's thorny paths.

Her remorse dwelt with her always and became a burden to her and made havoc of her color for many a day. Of course she grew out of all that—youth, thank God, is always growing—and at last, after many days, joy came to her again and all the glorious color of life and all the sweetness of it. But she never lost a little pulsing grief that came to her every now and then, telling her how she ought to have seen that Bonnie had not wandered so far afield.

Oh! if only he could be made strong and well again. This was the heart of the sad song that she often sang for herself alone, when time was given her, in her busy life.

She had dreamed dreams of how it would be with the little lad if he could have been sent abroad. She had heard of certain baths and of wonderful cures worked by them. If he could go abroad to one of them he might recover. But such baths were as far out of her reach as heaven itself. It seemed hard to Susan, to whom life was still a riddle. And she reproached herself always—and always mourned that there would never come a time when Bonnie would be strong again, as he was when his mother left him, and when she might meet that dear mother in heaven without fear of reproaches.

All this lay in the background of Susan's life, and now, as years grew, seldom came to the front. But the child was ever her first thought and her dearest delight—and the fact that he was not as his brothers were was the one little blot on the happiness of her young life.

## CHAPTER XIV.

"O! that this calculating soul would cease To forecast accidents, time's flitting errors! And take the present with the present's peace, Instead of filling life's poor day with terrors."

About seven o'clock Wyndham (who had come up to Dublin by the afternoon train), going down Nassau street found himself face to face with a tall, big, goodhumored-looking man of about thirty-two.

"Hallo! That you?" cries the latter, stopping Wyndham, who, in a somewhat preoccupied mood, would have gone by without seeing him. The preoccupation disappears at once, however, and it is with genuine pleasure that he grasps the hand held out to him.

"You, Crosby, of all men!"

"Even so."

"Why, last week, when we met in Paris, you told me you were going to Vienna to see a friend there."

"The friend came to me to Paris instead, the very day after you left."

"But I thought you had arranged with him to go on an expedition to some untranslatable place in Africa!"

"So I had, but he proved disappointing. Hummed and hawed, said he couldn't go just now; but perhaps a little later on. One saw through him at once. I told him I never traveled about with fellows' wives, and that settled it."

"He was going to be married?"

"Of course. Love was wide large all over him—in huge capitals. And he was in such a hurry over everything. Copie in love are always in a hurry—to get back. So I dismissed him with my blessing, and a bauble for the venturesome young woman he has chosen to explore life's boundless waves with him. R.I.P. He's done for, and a right good fellow he was too! Well, what's up with you?"

"With me?"

"Think I can't see? You're out of your luck in some way."

"Nothing much anyway," says Wyndham with an involuntary smile.

"Too vague. Too vague by half," says Crosby, laughing. It is the happiest, heartiest laugh. "Come, what's the matter? Out with it. Money?"

"No, no," says the barrister, laughing in turn.

"Still there is something."

"Is there? I don't know," says Wyndham, in a tone half-comical, half-forlorn.

At this Crosby thrusts his arm into his and wheels him down the street.

"It must be hunger!" says he gaily, seeing the other is not ready for confession yet. The confession will come he knows perfectly well. Ever since they were boys together Wyndham, whose brain was then, as now, very superior to Crosby's, had still always given in to the personal attractions of the stronger and older boy, whose big fists often fought Wyndham's battles for him on the public playground.

"Once in it one never gets out of civilization," says he. "It sticks to one like a burr. Don't hope for that when you start on the wild career you speak of. For myself I like civilization. It's clean for one thing—savages don't do much in the way of washing. But I confess I like wandering for wandering's sake. It's a mania with me. Here to-day and gone to-morrow. That's the motto that suits me. Yet I dreads in time I shall get tired of it."

"Not you! Where are you going next?"

"Not made up my mind yet. But I'll tell you where I've been last. Right into Arcadia! A difficult place to find nowadays, the Savants tell you—but the Savants, like the Cretans, are all liars. And in my Arcadia I fell in with an adventure, and met—"

He pauses, and leaning back in his chair clasps his hands behind his head and gives way to silent laughter. Evidently some memory is amusing him.

"Someone who apparently was kind to you," says Wyndham indifferently, breaking off from the stem, but not eating, the purple grapes before him.

"Kind!" says Crosby. "Hardly that."

"Unkind?"

"More than that."

"She told you—"

"That I was a thief." Wyndham's indifference ceases for a moment.

"Strong language," says he.

"True, I assure you. Do I look like one? Ever since that terrible denunciation I have often asked myself whether so much knocking about as I have known has not raffianized me, in appearance at all events."

"Where on earth is the Arcadia you speak of?" asks Wyndham.

"Well, to tell you everything, I went down to Curraghmore this morning to have a look at the old place."

Thomas A. Johns.

CURED BY TAKING

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

"I was afflicted for eight years with Salt Rheum. During that time, I tried a great many medicines which were highly recommended, but none gave me relief. I was at last advised to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and before I had finished the fourth bottle, my hands were as

Free from Eruptions

as ever they were. My business, which is that of a cab-driver, requires me to be out in cold and wet weather, often without gloves, but the trouble has never returned."—THOMAS A. JOHNS, Stratford, Ont.

Ayer's The Only Sarsaparilla

Admitted at the World's Fair.

Ayer's Pills Cleanse the Bowels.

Like the laws of the Medes and Persians, the quality of...

# "Salada"

CEYLON TEA changeth not

Always of one uniform standard of excellence.



Crosby had been a big boy then, he is a big man now, and in spite of his adventurous wanderings by land and sea looks younger than Wyndham, though he is actually four years older. A splendid man, bronzed, bearded and broad-shouldered, with the grand look of one who has been through many a peril and many a fight, who has led a cleanly life and can look the world in the face fearlessly. His eyes are large and blue, and full of life and gaiety. He has a heart as true as gold, and a strong right arm, good for the felling of a foe or the saving of a friend.

"For my own part I'm starving," says he. "Come along; we're near our club and you'll dine with me. Considering what a stranger I am in my own land, you'll be able to help me out a bit. I feel as if I did not know anyone—there, if you are not going anywhere else. There's a wandering look about you. No! No other engagements? That's good."

They had reached the steps of the Kildare street Club by this time and presently are in the pleasant dining-room.

"By the way, talking of engagements," says Crosby between the soup and fish, "I have one for to-night, at your aunt's, Mr. Prior's. In some odd fashion she heard I was in Dublin, and sent a card to the Gresham for me. You, glancing at Wyndham's evening dress, 'are going somewhere too, perhaps.'"

"There, too," says Wyndham. "I've got out of it a good deal lately, but it doesn't do to offend her over much. She's touchy, and the old man, my uncle, Lord Shangarry—you remember him, how he used to tip us at school long ago—makes quite a point of my being civil to her."

"To her, or—?"

"My cousin?" Wyndham lifts his brows. "I feel sure my cousin is as indifferent to me as I am to her." He pauses. "Still, I will not conceal from you that my uncle desires a marriage between us."

"Is this the cause of your late depression?" asks Crosby with a quizzical expression.

"Not it," says Wyndham. "By the bye, a little hurriedly, 'what of that late adventure of yours in Siam? You were just telling me about it when—'"

Crosby at once plunges into the interrupted anecdote, bringing it, however, to a somewhat sharp close.

"You know what life is!" says Wyndham a little moodily when it is over. "I envy you; I often think I, too, should like to break off the threads of society that bind one in and start on a career that would leave civilization and its worries behind."

"Its worries?"

"Well, gossip for one thing and that delicate espionage that so often leads to the damning of a man."

"Poor old boy, got into deep water," thinks Crosby whilst toying with his champagne.

"Once in it one never gets out of civilization," says he. "It sticks to one like a burr. Don't hope for that when you start on the wild career you speak of. For myself I like civilization. It's clean for one thing—savages don't do much in the way of washing. But I confess I like wandering for wandering's sake. It's a mania with me. Here to-day and gone to-morrow. That's the motto that suits me. Yet I dreads in time I shall get tired of it."

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"Where on earth is the Arcadia you speak of?" asks Wyndham.

"Well, to tell you everything, I went down to Curraghmore this morning to have a look at the old place."

"What! There! Why, I was there to-day, too," says Wyndham, and then pauses as if suddenly sorry he had spoken.

"We must have missed each other, then, and come up by different trains."

"I suppose so," says Wyndham slowly. "And so your Arcadia is Curraghmore! Fancy an adventure there!" He shrugs his shoulders and leans back in his chair. "You have had so many real adventures that I expect you like to revel in imagining one now and then."

"Perhaps so," says Crosby. "Still, even in Arcadia one doesn't like to be called a thief. I say, it is getting late, isn't it? Your aunt spoke of ten. It is now well after eleven. Buck up, my child, and let us on."

(To be Continued.)

## A Change in Government

Is deemed to be, by some, the great need of the country, while others, equally positive, assert that the present government and the present policy is the only one under which Canada can prosper. However this may be as to politics, there can be no doubt that the change from the old rubber waterproof, which held the figure in a clammy embrace, to the new scientific idea as expressed in the Rigby Porous Waterproofs was greatly needed, as many can testify whose health has been benefited therefrom. Rigby is now acknowledged to be the only waterproof worth serious consideration. The process is scientific; the result is: A waterproof garment which cannot be distinguished from an ordinary tweed overcoat. The process leaves no marks; makes no impairment of the porosity of the material. Everybody asks for Rigby now. Others may experiment. Rigby is the word of science. Wear only Rigby Waterproofs.

FOR THE TEETH BREATH.

TEABERRY.

FOR THE TEETH BREATH.

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## Books and Authors.

A Review of Our Rural Press—Some Points for Consideration.

NEWSPAPERS throughout Ontario are rapidly improving in quality of contents and in appearance; yet as regards some of them, much is still to be desired. During the week I have examined all the Ontario newspapers that come to this office, and in that large pile came across two or three which are positively a disgrace to the printing trade and the editorial profession. Of two or three others it was impossible to form an opinion, although an opinion formed itself involuntarily, for these papers seem to adhere to the stupid practice of sending out "exchanges." The names of the papers could be deciphered on these misprinted, creased and disreputable copies sent, but on one of them not a line of reading matter could be read, while on two others, one or more pages were in a similar condition. Did I not know the absurd habit at the back of this, I should conclude that there was not a competent printer about the premises whence such a paper came. Editors are supposed to believe in advertising, yet what sort of an advertisement for a weekly paper is such a copy as I have referred to? As a boy I was taught to set aside every torn, creased and dirty copy for exchanges. If the roller caught upon a sheet without defacing it utterly, it was used as an exchange. A new boy once complained at malling time that there were not enough "exchanges" and asked if he would make some. His idea, plainly stated, was to seize some good copies and tear them, ink them, or daub oil upon them. The editor seemed to regard the shortage of spoiled copies as due to mismanagement on someone's part, yet to his everlasting credit be it said, he gave orders for enough good copies to be used to make out the exchange list. The boy was not to blame; he was the logical growth of the soil. But surely it is time the stupid practice was abandoned even in the remotest woods. It pays an editor better to send a spoiled copy to his most influential subscriber than to another newspaper, where critical eyes examine it and judge of its editor by what is seen. People call at this office continually to see papers from Ontario towns, and sometimes in mercy to an editor who deserves no mercy we pretend not to find the paper asked for. Such calls and enquiries are made at every newspaper office in Toronto, and at every office in the province. Some papers, too, are printed from type that should have been thrown into the melting-pot years ago. Hard times, poverty, nothing on earth is an excuse for in producing such a sheet times must even grow harder, poverty become ever more pinching, and the sheet more and more disreputable and unprofitable.

In some other papers before me as I write, not more than a column of original matter is written per week—everything else is clipped, or is plate-matter, while widely displayed advertisements for job work or subscriptions, clearly meant to fill space, gape at you by the yard. Every cheap advertisement that nifty and not quite respectable city agents send in, are found there in endless variety—not one missing. A paper with a circulation of one thousand will insert an advertisement as big as a one-sixteenth sheet bill for a rate of less than a dollar per week. The editor would not supply bills of the same size for that price, yet he yields up the prestige of his paper, scatters the advertisement postage free, spoils the attractiveness of his sheet and robs his readers of reading for less than the price of hand-bills. In one of his red-hot editorials, Horace Greeley referred to "the unspeakable idiots whom God in His infinite mercy permits to edit the rural press." There are a few of them still unstarved, subsisting upon the cordwood and turnips of a few devoted subscribers, and such gridirons, patent medicines, etc., as they get from advertising specialties; and if the Canadian Press Association, or any other agency, can bring them to a sense of their condition and show them that there is better fodder in better methods, it will be a good thing for the country and for the profession. Some editors are doing phenomenal work, and vigor throbs in every column. Every little corner is utilized. The clippings are good and full of purpose, showing that the editor, while looking after local interests with a keen eye, can see beyond the "commons" that skirt the village, and knows that his readers can enjoy something different from the old, old style of thing that typical rural papers have been giving since the year One. Time was when no item was deemed suitable for the rural editor unless it told of some fatal accident, or a murder, or fire, or death of some titled personage, or war in the East. If a man broke his leg in Essex, the item traveled clear through to Nova Scotia at the rate of about twenty miles per week. The local paper was a dismal catalogue of crimes, sprains, fractures, fires, deaths from all America and beyond. But now it is sprightly, not only in its local matter, but in its selected matter. It can quote editorial opinion on all sorts of topics, as well as express opinions of its own. It is said that the man whose sense of humor is strong never goes insane, and now that the rural editor cultivates the sense of humor in his district, I fancy I see a decrease in the rate of insanity throughout Ontario. The asylums, which the old-style newspapers called into existence and filled to teeming, will fall empty under the new order of things—if the daily press, with its gluttonous lust for horrors, does not spread everywhere.

One is apt to suppose that a story in which no one is wholly good and no one wholly bad, must have been deliberately written with this end in view. In life I believe it to be true that no one is wholly good or bad, but in English literature and drama the leading characters are white angels and black fiends. Until the present century the villain was nearly always represented as selling his soul to the Evil One, and practicing his villainies thereafter under expert guidance, and when a man was particularly hateful in fiction some atrocious and sudden death (the work of Satan) was provided for him. Many cases could be recalled, however, where unusually cunning villains outwitted the fiend at the hour of death, and it was thought a very amusing and clever bit of work

on any man's part to cheat the foul one of his pay after having had him running errands and doing chores for years. But it is no longer the fashion for villains to make documentary contracts with this artful personage, who perhaps no longer finds it wise to commit himself to writing since lawyers have grown so astute and persons so plentiful. Our villains—in literature and drama, not in life, remember—are not bad men merely, but bad clear through. Our heroes wear box-back overcoats and when their wings are nicely ironed and smoothed down against their spines you would not know them from other people. Our heroines are quite too various to be described in a sentence. But now I have read a book by an author who regards human character as complex—not to be arbitrarily classified as good, stupid or bad. Midst the Wild Carpathians is considered the best historical romance written by Maurus Jokai, the Hungarian novelist. The story is translated by R. Nisbet Bain, and apparently well done. The scene is laid in Transylvania towards the end of the seventeenth century, when a hardy race of people maintained a semi-freedom after the parent state of Hungary had been reduced to the status of a Turkish province. Michael Apafi, by command of the Sublime Porte, was made Prince of Transylvania quite against his will. One of our English historical novelists could have touched him up a bit and made of him a hero. Jokai shows him always as he was in life—lovable at first, contemptible later when he became a drunkard and stupidly followed the advice of the crafty Tokeli in everything.



Children's Books.

But it is Bain whom one of our writers would have immediately seized upon for a hero—gallant, a marvelous fighter, a moving, almost everything. Yet Jokai first introduces him in the most casual way and we come to dislike him—we positively detest him before his importance is disclosed. Then we admire his valor, and deplore his death, which is brought about by despicable means. Altogether there is no hero in the book, and I must say I prefer our own method, and regard the gallant Bain as wasted upon Jokai, who by a little polishing might have made him one of the most brilliant figures in all romance. This author's methods are foreign to us; he opens out by introducing to us a set of people and a tract of country scarcely related in any way with the real story which begins on page nineteen. As a bit of descriptive writing it is valuable—the author parades for us—but in this as in other respects he shows how dissimilar the methods of clever writers may be. Jokai is worth reading because of his material and in order to make us more enamored of our own novelists, such as Scott, Lytton, Stevenson, Weyman, Doyle and others, old and new. Published by George Bell & Sons, London; Copp, Clark & Co., Toronto.

The recent volume by Mrs. Catherine Parr Traill, the aged naturalist whose portrait appeared in this column a couple of months ago, is being received with consideration and



Mr. J. Zangwill.

Interest in England. Mr. Goldwin Smith has reviewed it in the London News and I have seen it mentioned and invariably praised in several other English papers.

Victor F. Lawson of the Chicago Record has sent me some particulars of his big story competition in which he offers \$30,000 in cash prizes. These are to be stories of mystery, and as they are being published serially, prizes will be offered to the public for the best guesses as to the way each mystery will be explained. The first prize is \$10,000, second \$5,000, third, \$1,500, fourth, \$1,000, fifth, \$800, sixth and seventh, \$600, and the next five, \$500 each. This totals \$20,000 and the remaining \$10,000 will be paid at special rates for acceptable stories that win no prize. The stories must reach Mr. Lawson by October 1 next. These are all the particulars in my possession, but I presume the stories are to be of full volume size and designed for serial use. Some of our Canadian writers may care to take a hand in this competition.

Last week I cited Andrew Lang as one British author who declined to oppose the Canadian Copyright Act, and now I am able to say that apparently a better knowledge of

the case is being evinced in the London press, and particularly in papers devoted to literature. Some very sensible letters are being published in defence of Canada's position. An explanatory statement of the Act of 1889 has been addressed to every member of the British Parliament. This statement comes from the Copyright Association of Canada, of which Mr. John Ross Robertson of this city is president, and Mr. Lancelotti of the Hamilton Public Library, secretary. This summary shows how Canada's position is set forth:

1. Canada's claim to full self-government.
2. Canada resents the injustice of the sale of her market to United States publishers over her head.
3. Canadian reprinting cannot, under the Act, flood the British and United States markets with cheap editions as supposed.
4. British editions are permitted to be imported; foreign editions are excluded.
5. There is no piracy in the Canadian Act; there is piracy in the United States Act.
6. The general superiority of the Canadian Act, from the British authors' point of view, to the United States Act.
7. The royalty clause is not of Canada's initiative; but the royalty is "certain collection."
8. The Canadian Parliament never adopted the Berne Convention.
9. The British author does not lose control over his work; he may suppress old editions or issue new ones as desired.
10. Canada is unanimous.

Of course, clause 3 is the important one in the eyes of British authors, and if the fact laid down there can be established, this opposition will cease. However, I would respectfully point out that in the points set forth above none are more important than clauses 1 and 10. By the way, I am informed that there is a movement on foot to send Mr. Lancelotti to London to do missionary work in the cause. It will be noted, too, that in response to a question by Mr. J. D. Edgar, M.P., Hon. Mr. Foster announced in the House of Commons on Monday afternoon that an "official" would be sent to London to confer with the British Government on this subject.

The poet Clement Marot, being in very straitened circumstances, went to the King and said: "I have come to lay before your Majesty a complaint against one of my creditors whose claims I have satisfied over and over again, and yet he persists in dunning and harassing me at every opportunity." "Who is the scoundrel?" the King enquired. "My stomach, sire. Though I have satisfied its wants times without number, it never ceases to torment, and I am utterly incapable of meeting its demands." The King was pleased with the joke, and allowed the poet a pension on the spot.

Mr. Astor has advertised himself most singularly by ceasing to publish the *Pall Mall Budget*. The alleged reason is that his late wife was particularly interested in this weekly and he ceased publication as a mark of respect to her memory. It is stated that when his purpose became known he was offered \$30,000 for the paper, but declined arbitrarily to allow it to continue. The ordinary intellect cannot comprehend Mr. Astor.

J. R. WYE.

## Hymns and Their Writers.

Jesus, Lover of My Soul, was written by Charles Wesley just after an escape from a mob.

O Sacred Head, Now Wounded, is a translation of a translation. The original hymn was the *Salve Caput*, by St. Bernard.

There Is a Fountain Filled with Blood, is the most popular of Cowper's hymns. It is considered one of the classic lyrics of the English language.

And Are We Yet Alive? is by Charles Wesley. It is the opening hymn used by Methodist conferences the world over and has been so employed for one hundred years.

Nearer, My God, to Thee, was the work of Sarah Flower Adams and first appeared in a volume of hymns and anthems published in 1840 by Rev. W. J. Fox.

All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name, was written by Edward Perronet in 1779 and published anonymously in the *Gospel Magazine* in the following year. All else from the pen of this writer has been forgotten.

My Soul, Repeat His Praise, is by Isaac Watts. It was one-half of a hymn which he entitled *Mercy in the Midst of Judgment*. The other half is the well known hymn beginning *The City of the Lord*.

Oh, Might My Lot Be Cast with These, is part of a hymn by Charles Wesley on the primitive church. It had originally thirty verses. Many of Wesley's hymns were very long, some having forty or fifty stanzas.

Come, O Thou All Victorious Lord, is by Charles Wesley. It was written for the quarries of Portland and contained several allusions to their business, which were readily recognized and heartily appreciated.

## Certainly. Why Not?

Chicago Post.

It is the children that ask the puzzling questions unexpectedly. College professors cannot begin to equal them in that.

"Oh, mamma, one of my teeth is loose," cried a little girl a few days ago.

"Never mind, dear," replied the mother comfortingly.

"But I am afraid it will come out," persisted the child.

"Very likely," returned the mother. "But it is only a first tooth and another bigger and better will come in its place."

"Is that the way they all do?"

"Yes, Ethel."

After a reflective silence:

"Mamma."

"Yes."

"What do they do that for? Why don't they just grow bigger and better like girls and boys and everything else instead of one coming out and another coming in?"

## His Story Outdoes Munchausen.

Japan Mail.

While storming the first line of forts at Port Arthur a soldier belonging to the Twenty-fourth Regiment raised his rifle to fire at an unusually conspicuous Chinaman.

Just as he was about to fire, a bullet from the enemy's side came whizzing on, and, marvelous to relate, entered the barrel of his own gun as smoothly and neatly as if the muzzles had been placed mouth to mouth.

Of course there was an explosion, and the soldier's piece was shattered to the stock, but

without his receiving any injuries whatever. A fractional variation to the right or left would have caused the hostile bullet to enter his head or face, so that his escape was nothing short of miraculous.

He preserved the stock of the now useless weapon, and afterwards exhibited it to his colonel, who permitted him to keep it as a memento of his narrow escape. It is probably the first instance of the kind on record since Baron Munchausen's day.

## A Loophole for Vegetarians.

Mr. Greenleaf had often been heard to praise the vegetarian system of feeding, and had introduced it in his suburban home for the benefit of his family and guests. The other day a friend of his came upon him enjoying a juicy rump-steak in a well known Brighton restaurant, and forthwith began to chaff him about this apparent inconsistency. "Not a bit of it," was the unabashed reply; "I have Scriptural authority for it. Came upon it a little while ago when staying at an old-fashioned hotel in Glasgow. The good folk had put a beautifully printed Bible in my bedroom, and, as I could not sleep, I began to read in it. Presently I found my authority." "Might I trouble you for the reference?" "With pleasure, my good fellow. You look up Isaiah xl., 6." He refused to say more on the subject, but went on eating with evident relish. When his friend, after a vain attempt to obtain a Bible on the premises, returned home he speedily looked up the quotation. It ran: "All flesh is grass."

## Joy in the Home

The Life of a Bright Little Boy Saved.

The Story Told by His Grateful Father—An Experience that May Bring Gladness to the Hearts of Other People.

From Waterloo, Ont., Chronicle.

Mr. David Thaler is a prosperous well-to-do farmer who lives near Centreville, on the main road from Berlin to Galt. He has a fine farm of one hundred acres, and everything about his place has an air of neatness and prosperity. A representative of the *Waterloo Chronicle* lately had occasion to call on Mr. Thaler, and in the course of conversation came across one of those remarkable cures through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that has given this great life-saving medicine a world-wide reputation. Among Mr. Thaler's family is a bright, rosy-cheeked boy of four years, whose winsome manner attracted the reporter's attention and caused him to remark on his healthy appearance. "Yes," replied the farmer, "the little fellow looks well enough now, but two years ago he was but a mere skeleton and we were sorely afraid we would lose him, and I believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved his life." Asked to give the particulars Mr. Thaler said: "He was a strong and healthy child when born and continued so until fifteen months old, when unfortunately a servant gave him, without our knowledge, food quite unsuited to an infant. The result was his stomach became deranged; he began to pine away and no food would remain with him but passed off like water. He could not sleep or rest, and cried day and night. He kept going down for six or seven months until the poor child was reduced to skin and bone. He had medical aid but little or no good was accomplished. It was not until the little fellow was in this desperate strait that we determined to give him Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I procured a supply and he was given them according to the directions for children. Soon after beginning to give him the Pink Pills the change was remarkable, and from that time he became stronger and stronger until he is now the healthy little chap you see before you. As I said before I believe we owe his life, under Providence, to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and if you feel that what I have told you will benefit anyone else you are quite at liberty to publish it." The reporter has no doubt that the statement may point to some other parent the road to renewed health for their child, and gives it as he got it from Mr. Thaler.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are just as valuable in the case of children as with adults, and puny little ones would soon thrive and grow fat under this treatment, which has no equal for building up the blood and giving renewed strength to brain, body and nerves. Sold by all dealers, or sent post paid at fifty cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medical Co., Brockville, Ont. See that the trade mark is on the wrapper around every box and do not be persuaded to try something else said to be "just as good."

## The Wabash Railroad

Is acknowledged by travelers to be the best line to Chicago; shortest and quickest route to Kansas City, Texas, Mexico, California and all south-western points. All trains are superbly equipped with the finest sleeping and chair cars in America. Now is the time to take a trip to Hot Springs, the Carlsbad of America. Their efficacy in curing diseases has been known to the civilized world for generations, and people of all nations have gone thither in successful search of health. Pamphlets, time tables and full particulars from any railroad agent, or J. A. Richardson, Canadian passenger agent, north-east corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

## STAMMERERS ATTENTION!

The Lewis Phonometric Institution Will Remove to Detroit Mich., for a Permanent Location May 1st, 1895.

George Andrew Lewis Will Take With Him His Staff, a Large Class and an Enviable Reputation.

From the Petrolia Topic, April 18.

With an object in view to establish permanently in a city centrally located, easy of access by both rail and water, and with facilities to supply ample accommodation to suit the requirements of any number of pupils, George Andrew Lewis, the principal and founder of the Lewis Phonometric Institute for the cure of stammering, has decided to remove his entire institution from Petrolia to the city of Detroit, where on May 1, his school will be in operation and comfortably settled in their new quarters at 339 Woodward avenue.

Mr. Lewis' school has never been more crowded than at the present writing, several recent applications having been advised to wait until May 1, when the school will have become comfortably settled in new quarters, where ample accommodations will be arranged to suit the requirements of a still larger class.

Mr. Lewis leaves Petrolia carrying with him an enviable reputation and the best wishes of our citizens, who, although sorry to part with him and his school for stammerers, wish and predict for him a brilliant career, knowing that an even greater and more widely-spread reputation will be established for his method of cure, from his new location at 339 Woodward avenue, Detroit.

Parties writing to this address will receive, post paid, The Cause and Cure of Stammering and Stuttering, together with further particulars regarding treatment.

## Not for Love.

Dorchester.  
Gertie (who has behaved very rudely to her mamma; to her aunt)—Aunt Clara, pray don't go away yet!  
Aunt (flattered)—I had no idea you were so fond of me, Gertie!  
Gertie—Oh! Aunt Clara, it isn't that, but mamma said I was to be whipped when you had gone.

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DR. ARTHUR HILL HASSALL, Analyst, Bact. Inst., London, Eng.

"Lieut. Gordon reports 'Reindeer' Brand Condensed Milk supplied Hudson Bay Expedition quite equal to the best brands he ever used."

HON. A. W. McLELLAN, Minister of Marine and Fisheries, Canada.

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## THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND H. SHEPPARD - Editor

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## Psychodunamy.

The article published on the opposite page, from the pen of Mr. Ellis Lealie, is a fitting close to the series of three which he has given us in recent issues. In publishing it we do not, of course, necessarily endorse it, and in failing to endorse it we do not necessarily condemn it. The fact simply stated is, that we have not investigated psycho-therapeutics at all and so venture no opinion. Observation has taught us that no professed discovery in any branch of science can be so easily accepted as its improbability. Too many marvels have come to pass to permit of this attitude. We must learn, whether fast or slow, and every new claim must be met with courtesy, investigated, and then verified or discredited. In this way we can escape the injuries done society by delusions that are so often widely operated in comparative secrecy, because those competent to explode them do not take the trouble to pull them into the light. Witness the treatment accorded to Christian Science. We never hear of these people save when the police, finding that a man has died under their ministrations, prosecutes the ministrants. In no other way does society or the State take cognizance of them. Yet the exponents of this so-called science are permitted to hold meetings, to make converts and widen the influence of what the State holds, judging by its prosecutions from time to time, to be a false and dangerous doctrine. So far as I know, no attempt is made by the State to enlighten the minds of the deluded—simply to intimidate the bodies of people who deny the existence of the body. In our schools the errors of these people are not dwelt upon; their converts are not shown the fallacy of the theories laid down to them. They widen their ground without resistance, whereas if they are in error and the error can be shown, the interests of society demand that they be not allowed to develop too far. Their principles are not discussed; they are ignored whilst multiplying in numbers.

A few years ago it was generally believed that hypnotism was for the most part trickery. Now we are aware of several medical men in Toronto who have called in the services of hypnotists in certain complicated cases that baffled them. It is freely asserted that through this strange agency they have secured a correct diagnosis where ordinary methods failed. If hypnotism is to go forward without guidance it may be put to wrong purposes. It is the duty of medical science to investigate hypnotism, Christian Science and Psychodunamy. The truth will make us whole. The true and the false must not run wild together, for we know that weeds can smother grain. Let the false be exposed without mercy or delay, for the world is full of hobbies and it is time things were sifted.

## Stage and Platform.

DOWN IN DIXIE is a Southern play, the scenes being laid in Georgia and South Carolina. The high temperature of the South produces an influence upon character, for we find the negroes stupid and virtuous, the white women beautiful and good, and the white men either heroes or scoundrels of the most unqualified sort. You see, the whole trouble is caused by Abe Lampton, the plantation foreman, who is a villain simply because he naturally can't help it, and Alvin Curtis, another villain, from New Orleans, who wants money. Curtis pretends that his brother, Mrs. Calhoun's first husband, is still alive, and she gets her in his power. He bids her meet him down by the cabin at dusk. Jack Calhoun comes along and the two villains, who supply themselves with false beards and rough clothing from Curtis' hand-satchel, jump out and in an incidental sort of way stab him for fear he will prevent the interview with his step-mother. They are going to throw him into the river to the alligators, but walk up the paths in opposite directions to see that no one is coming. There must be a screw loose in the mentality of the two men to thus defer the conclusion of their crime, for they might have known that George Hale, dear girl, would appear on the scene along with old Mr. and Mrs. Green and frustrate their evil purpose. Now if they would just tumble him over in a business-like way the alligators would gobble him up and no questions asked. Still, I have nothing against Jack and am glad that George rescues him, but I must say she has no business pulling Henry Deland out of that burning compress. If he should get roasted that way it would not be necessary to roast him this way. Public sympathy is with the villains when they stuff him into the compress. They do not quibble him, however, but set fire to the place, realizing, no doubt, that it would be impossible to compress so flat an actor. Still, I do not wish to be misunderstood. He is a gentlemanly and intellectual-looking fellow and might do well in a different role. To put into his gentle hands the character of a rollicking, brusque sea-dog, a Lieutenant of the Navy, simply exposes him to derision, and he looks sensitive. Yet we, who witness plays, have rights. "I am a rover," he murmurs, "and my bride is the sea." Altogether it would be better if George did not interfere, for his marriage with the sea can never be a happy one.

In other respects George is popular. She is

pretty and bright. Miss Nina Heyward plays this part, and another young lady who would give a good account of herself if she had more to do, is Miss Georgie Calne, who takes the part of Clara Kent. Mr. Scott Marble, author of the play, has probably the best work of the piece in his own hands, in the character of Squire Lounds. The company altogether is a good one, and the singing of the colored boys, the serenade on stringed instruments and the playing of the Pickaninny Brass Band are features that please. It is particularly an attraction that may be attended by ladies and children, and the Saturday matinee should be a very large one.

I intimated last week that I would, if possible, reproduce in these columns for the benefit of those who did not attend theaters, as well as those who did, the story of A Cheque Book, played during the latter half of last week at the Grand Opera House. But the task is by no means a pleasant or easy one, as the material of which the story is composed is somewhat flimsy. In these days when smartly written up-to-date comedies are flooding the market, one looks for something a little out of the common when one goes to see a new piece; and when that piece is from the pen of a playwright, some of whose previous efforts have been attended with more than an ordinary degree of success, it is impossible to escape a feeling of disappointment when one finds that the new play falls very short, in the matter of merit, of what was expected of it. This is the case with Mr. Coghlan's Cheque Book. Here and there the writer has furnished some smart conversation, but taken as a whole the dialogue is weak and uninteresting. Nor is there anything original about the characters. Mr. Coghlan has created to sustain the principal parts in his play. The hissing howdy-do-deah-boy-don't-ye-know English lord is almost as old as the dramatic art itself, and even if this insipid creature were admissible in a new play, Lord Augustus Whiffletree is, to my mind, far from being a true representative of the British peerage. There are some playwrights who seem to have conceived the idea that to make a peer acceptable to the average theater-goer he must be shorn of all his manhood and made to pose as a stupid fop. This is a most absurd idea, as anyone who has ever come into social or business contact with members of the British nobility can testify. And then Mr. Coghlan has furnished a Superior Woman, but her superiority seems to lie principally in her ability to domineer effectually over an insignificant little husband. There is nothing new in this, because "superior women" of this type have existed almost from the day of the creation and will continue to exist till the end of time, with this difference: that it is not always necessary that the husband shall be diminutive in order to be the subject of his wife's tyranny. However, this is a character that is admirably suited to Miss Rose Coghlan. And then so far as the incidents and situations of the comedy are concerned, I failed on Saturday evening to see anything about them which should help in any degree to make A Cheque Book a howling success; and as for its title, well, you could call it by half a dozen other names, each of which would be quite as applicable. A Cheque Book may help to fill Miss Coghlan's pocket-book, but it will only be for a short time; it is one of those pieces which cannot possibly have a run of very long duration. In view of these considerations I must therefore fail to redeem my promise of last week. It remains to be said, however, that the acting of Miss Coghlan's company was superior to the play produced.

Under the auspices of the St. Alphonsus Catholic Association a minstrel entertainment was given at the Grand Opera House on Monday evening. The audience was large and, as is generally the case when the performers are amateurs, enthusiastic, so much so, in fact, that nearly every performer on the lengthy and well arranged programme was recalled irrespective of merit. In the first part the club made a fine show, the end-men and soloists being supported by a chorus of upwards of one hundred and fifty people, distinguishable among whom were several very good voices. The choruses generally were well rendered, and in this part also some of the songs were well sung, notably, Oh, oh! Hear the Wind Blow, by Mr. W. S. McKay, and Marching to the Front, by Mr. Alfred D. Sturrock, the latter also appearing to advantage at a later period of the entertainment. Mr. T. F. Burns was interlocutor and acquitted himself satisfactorily. The end-men were: Messrs. J. H. Kennedy, W. A. Plaxott, N. C. Laird, J. J. Muckle, (bones), T. W. Slatery, J. G. O'Donoghue, F. McGann and M. G. McInerney, (tambos). The comic business, however, was tame even for an amateur show, and the jokes, well, they were good, bad and indifferent—mostly indifferent. In the second part Mr. T. J. Scanlon was highly amusing in an original stump speech, his reference to municipal insurance being specially funny, and the same gentleman's burlesque recitation Curfew Will Not Ring To-Night was a clever piece of business. The Brownie Dance by Mr. Fred K. Sterling would have done credit to many a professional troupe, the only fault to find with it being its brevity, and the performance by the Toronto Mandolin Club, Messrs. George Haughton, W. K. Smith, F. Corin, (mandoline), J. Parkinson, (guitar), R. A. Gledhill, (cello), and J. Irving, (banjo), was one of the most enjoyable items on the programme. In the Dark, Dark Town Picnic, with which the entertainment closed, some capital buck-and-wing dancing was exhibited by Messrs. Sterling, Metcalfe, Tremble, Cunningham, Bellingham and James Fairbanks, the work of the last named being especially good. The committee by whom the arrangements were carried out, and of whom Mr. J. H. Gilmore was chairman, deserve praise for the admirable way in which the affair was managed. Mr. John Cosgrave was musical director, and the stage management was entrusted to Mr. Fletcher.

Friday afternoon of last week found all the theater employees of the city greatly excited and clustering about the Toronto Opera House, for it was the occasion of the matinee benefit for their Association. Every year this entertainment is a success, for the talent of the three



Some Types at the Horse Show.

theaters and all the best local talent is at the disposal of the committee in charge of the affair. The entertainment is almost too lavish. For instance, those who had not elsewhere seen Diplomacy staged, would be tantalized to see the curtain go down after one act (the best one, too) knowing that something else would be substituted and the outcome of Julian's marriage remain ever in doubt. And the taste of In Old Kentucky would produce the same effect. Yet, on the whole, no greater variety of clever things could have been compounded into one performance.

Nearly all musical critics agree that Mr. Victor Herbert has been a fortunate choice as successor to the founder of Gilmore's great band. He is endowed with a brilliant wit and is unusually handsome; in fact, said to greatly resemble his gifted grandfather, Samuel Lover, the novelist and poet. Mr. Herbert was educated in Germany, and on his chosen instrument, the violin, he is almost without an equal. But of course it is as a leader that he



Mr. Victor Herbert.

excels, for he is possessed of great magnetism and ability. He is a composer, too, of cantatas, operas, concertos and repertoire music for band and orchestra. Prince Ananias, lately produced at the Broadway Theater, New York, by the Bostonian Opera Co., is his latest production and the fame of it has reached Toronto. The opera will soon reach us, too, I believe. Mr. Herbert Clarke, the cornet soloist, will be warmly welcomed to this



Miss Frieda Simonson.

his native city. One of the chief interests attaching to the Gilmore concert next week, however, is the fact that Frieda Simonson, the celebrated child pianist, will make her appearance. Miss Frieda is only ten years of age, and it is asserted that she is not only the greatest child pianist, but one of the greatest pianists in the world, old or young. I have seen extravagant praise of her in many of the leading newspapers of England and the continent.

The idea that living representations of bronze statuary were to be shown at the Academy of Music this week caused that delicate connoisseur in fine art, Mr. Inspector Stephens to repair thither on Monday evening with his critical faculties and his refined conscience in perfect working order. They do say that he was disappointed. Quite a hub-bub has been raised in New York by these representations of bronze statuary. This new idea in art consists in sprinkling a coating of bronze over naked women and having them thus pose to represent famous ancient and modern bits of bronze. This is a development of that other branch of art, the living pictures. The third and last stage of this form of art will no doubt be soon introduced, the representation of marble sculpture by "ladies" without dress or bronze, or even mantling blushes. The art will consist in these people standing still in fixed postures, and artistic experts will say that this makes the exhibition sublime, it only being necessary to imagine

that the figures are of marble. It was announced that the bronze sensation would be put on at the Academy, and posters were hung about town saying that the ordinary bills of the company were too loud for the morals of Toronto and could not be exhibited in public—a most indecently suggestive advertisement. But the Paris Galety Company did not risk its freedom by devoting itself to art in bronze. Girls in tights presented themselves for public admiration, and although the gallery waited, and the pit waited, and Inspector Stephens pulled his conscience up close to his eyes and watched and waited, no bronzed female made her appearance. The gallery did not like it, and Mick said to Dick that all the bronze was in the advertisement and brazen promises. The Inspector had to return to police headquarters without a bronzed figure as a trophy. Those who attend shows that promise improper attractions deserve to be deceived. Bronze figures may be artistic, but such art is for advanced pupils, not for mobs.

Kate Clarion and Madame Janauschek certainly make a great combination in The Two Orphans. A few years ago none could have predicted that these two would appear together in this play, for the latter was then making herself almost immortal as Meg Merrilies. But what interests us now is that they are together and both are clever. At time of writing I have not seen their joint performance, but intend to do so and hope to find them playing to good business.

The Grand will be dark next week and will probably remain so until the week of the races, when Chauncey Olcott will be the attraction.

Eight Bells will be put on at the Toronto Opera House next week.

## Two Ways of Taking It.

Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"There was quite a fight in front of the store to-day," said a Rockland man at the supper table. "Two men got into a row, one struck the other, and then the crowd gathered. The man who was struck ran and grabbed a cart-stake, and rushed back, his eyes blazing. I thought sure he'd knock the other man's brains out, and I stepped right in between them."

The young heir had given over eating his tart as the narrative proceeded and his eyes leaned right out of his head. He was proud of his father's valor and he cried, "He couldn't knock any brains out of you, could he, father?" The old man looked long and curiously at the heir, but the lad's countenance was frank and innocent and open. When it closed with the tart on the inside the father gasped slightly and resumed his supper.

## A Dog Story.

A story is told of a farmer's dog which had been found guilty of obtaining goods by false pretenses. He is extremely fond of sausages and has been taught by his owner to go after them for himself, carrying a written order in his mouth. Day after day he appeared at the butcher's shop, bringing his master's order, and by and by the butcher became careless about reading the paper.

Finally, when settlement day came, the farmer complained that he was charged with more sausages than he had ordered. The butcher was surprised and the next time Lion came in with a bit of paper between his teeth he took the trouble to look at it. The paper was blank, and further investigations showed that whenever the dog felt a craving for sausages he looked around for a piece of paper and trotted off to the butcher's. The farmer is something out of pocket, but squares the account by boasting of his dog's intelligence.

## A Cunning Thief.

Pestil Hirlap.

A lady who had made a purchase in a shop took out her purse and was about to pay, when a man rushed in, struck her in the face, and said:

"How often have I told you not to buy anything without my permission!"

He then departed as quickly as he had come, taking the purse with him. The salesman was thunderstruck, the lady fainted, and before she had recovered sufficiently to explain that the man was not her husband at all, the scamp was "over the hills and far away."

## Certainly Not.

"How many characters are there in your play?" asked the manager.

"Characters!" said the astonished dramatist.

"Didn't I just tell you this is an up-to-date drama? Not a single person in the piece has even a shred of character."

## Joy Beyond Compare.

Pestil Hirlap.

"True happiness, my son, consists in your purchasing an article for two shillings that your friend paid ten shillings for the day previous."

## Of the Gods.

For Saturday Night.

Twain are the gods that this world rule,  
And the soul of man they make their tool,  
And the name of the one is the great god Love,  
Yet not beneath him but above  
The goddess Art hath rule.

And no man to these twain can pay  
Allegiance both the selfsame day;  
For the god that mastereth his soul  
Brooketh no rival rules the whole,  
And slings his darts away.

O wide is the land where the god is king,  
And many there be that walk therein;  
For fair it is to the soul of man  
That dwells in its gates for a passing span—  
Fair as no other thing.

For a year and a day his joy is full  
Who passeth under the god Love's rule:  
And then at the end of that brief span  
There goeth a wreck that came a man  
To be Love's fool.

And far in the golden-clouded west  
There lieth a land of peace and rest,  
And hard is the road and steep thereto,  
Where to the goddess bow the few  
That follow Art's behest.

Twain are the gods that o'er us reign,  
And no man boweth to the twain.  
But he that doth not either own  
Liveth scorned and alone—  
Death for his life and the tomb his throne—  
And heathen this world's gain.

BERNARD K. SANDWELL.

## A Song.

For Saturday Night.

One evening a maid and her sweetheart true,  
Strolled along in the pale moonlight.  
She was so fair beyond compare,  
With eyes that were roguish and bright.

The youth by her side had a serious air  
As he whispered the words soft and low;  
But she said, when he told the sweet story of old,  
"I'm not very anxious, you know."

Mary, Mary, why so contrary,  
Give me your answer—do!

The soft moon is shining. For you I am pining;  
I love only you.

Bright eyes, ruby lips, your smile has won my heart,  
Tell me, dear Mary, that you will be mine,  
My own sweetheart.

They wandered along as the stars shone bright,  
And she thought of the days to come,  
When her heart would tell of the love she felt  
For the boy who was all her own.

So she made up her mind that very night  
That she'd say when he asked her again,  
"I love only you and my heart will be true  
To the dearest and bravest of men."

Mary, Mary, my little fairy,  
Sweeter than the honey dew,  
The soft moon is shining. No more I am pining.  
I know you'll be true.

Bright eyes, ruby lips, your smile has won my heart,  
Mary, dear Mary, you soon will be mine,  
My own sweetheart.

Hamilton, Ont. HENRY P. BLACKBY.

## Omega.

For Saturday Night.

Despair with gloom doth wed;  
My lamp of life burns strong.  
But days are drear and nights are long—  
The light of love hath fled.

Love waned with summer skies,  
The dream is past recall,  
The sweetest once loved now pall,  
"O death in life," love dies!

Sated with love and life,  
The grave of joys now dead,  
Yet dreading with fearful dread  
The calm that ends all strife;

The mystic, misty gray,  
Enshrouding the nameless goal,  
O, hapless, tortured soul!  
Is this thy fate for aye?

LILLITH.

## Pride and Prejudice.

[Canada, unlike the mother country, has the sense to be proud of its minor poets.—Mr. Le Gallienne in "The Realm".]

Really this little and bold accusation  
Conduct so culpable cannot be borne;  
Are we indeed but a barbarous nation  
Philistines treating our poets with scorn?

Are we contemptuous, then, in reality,  
Of the (famous) our lyrics write—  
Singing sweet songs of the Modern Morality,  
Praising each other from morning to night?

Modesty, clearly, is somehow availing to  
Burke them of glory which should be their own,  
Modesty, morbid, excessive—a falling to  
Which, it's notorious, poets are prone.

Only, he tells us, in Canada's latitude  
Honor to singers is duly allowed;  
Nay, how can Britons be backward in gratitude,  
Having Le Gallienne, are they not proud?

Yes, when we Englishmen boast of our national  
Glories and deeds, though the scuffers deride,  
This is the greatest and really most rational  
Source of supreme and legitimate pride—

Not in the struggles or deeds of iniquity  
Wrought by our sires in desperate fray,  
Still less in Shakespeare, or bard of antiquity,  
But in the poets amongst us to-day!

Might we suggest, though, if, in the opinion of  
Mr. Le Gallienne, England's to blame,  
He and his comrades should seek the Dominion of  
Canada, where they'd be certain of fame?

—Punch.

## An Oriental Tale.

Before an Eastern king one day  
Appeared a man both pure and wise;  
The king begged of the man to say  
What road to take to paradise.

"For various sooks," he said, "I declare  
There's but one road that we can take,  
And of the rest we must beware;  
So tell me for my own soul's sake:

Here paused the king; the hall was still,  
And the wise man looked thoughtfully;  
But 'round the audience went a thrill  
When thus he spoke on bended knee:

"O mighty king, a loving race  
Finds half the light of heaven in thee,  
And I beseech thy pardoning grace  
For what my sole reply must be.

"Kathrone! art thou within a hall  
Where various doors the guests admit;  
Alike thy splendor falls on all,  
Whichever way they enter it.

"That I have found one certain way  
Your messenger the praise must claim;  
So dashed was I by his way,  
I cannot tell what road I came."

—Joel Benton in Harper's Weekly.



## Psychodunamy.

The Power of the Soul over Disease and Showing the Absurdity of the Christian Scientist's Hypothesis

"To doubt and be astonished is to recognize our ignorance. Hence it is that the lover of wisdom is in a certain sort a lover of the myth, for the subject of myth is the astonishing and marvelous."—Aristotle.

It is a well established fact in psychodunamy that there is psychic force inherent in mankind which can be used for the amelioration of the sufferings of his fellow-man, as well as for the benefit of his own physical condition; also, that no cure ever was effected by this force until the subjective mind of the healer and patient had faith in the efficacy of the means employed, or at least the subjective mind of the patient was in a state of perfect passivity. To accomplish this end, especially if the proposed patients be sceptics and not in sympathy with this branch of the sciences, it is as well not to acquaint them that their subjective mind is being controlled by any outside force; in fact, don't acquaint them with anything. Now, whatever the objective faith of the patients may be, if they will only assume to have faith, actively or passively, the subjective mind will be controlled by the suggestion of its own objective mind and the desired result will follow.

Remember, the belief of the subjective mind in the verity of a suggestion made to it, is the never-failing law of its being. Faith, according to Hudson, "is that emotion of the human soul which consists in the unhesitating acceptance and the belief in the absolute verity of a suggestion."

The faith, then, required for therapeutic purposes is a purely subjective faith and attainable upon the cessation of active opposition on the part of the objective mind, and for this reason the perfect passivity of the patient (if not complete concurrence) is insisted on as the first essential condition to a certain cure of all nervous diseases and many others which do not emanate from that source.

As to the best time for using this immense force for healing purposes, there is no doubt that night time is the best, when both the healer and patient are in a natural sleep, or at least are resting. Distance is no object. The subjective mind knows no such thing as distance, but it is necessary that the patient should be within five hours' time of the healer. I now come to the mode of operation for the would-be healer, for I assume that no one can be so selfish as not to want to do good when it can be done without loss of either time, money or health; indeed, the latter in all cases improves, for the healer not only obtains sound, refreshing sleep and cannot dream, but procures that contentment and pleasant feeling which invariably result from doing good.

When once the healer has absolute faith in the power he has been given, the rest is comparatively easy. Practice makes perfect, and when the first cure has been effected the great stumbling-block has been removed, the faith becomes stronger and the healing becomes easier and easier.

Divine Wisdom has placed this power in man, and put it there to be used, but very seldom is the same power found in two people; for instance, one can heal cases of strabismus where another can do no good, whereas the latter can cure asthma, rheumatism, etc., where the former is powerless. Practice will soon show the would-be healer what he or she can cure and then let them stay right by their own line, for, unfortunately, people in general are so sceptical that one failure to cure (where the case is known) does more to retard science than ten positive cures do to advance it. Seventy-five per cent. of these failures can be attributed to "auto-suggestion" on the part of the patient, or, in other words, the patient saying or thinking he cannot be cured, or words to that effect. No case was, or ever will be, cured when "auto-suggestion" is raised on the part of the patient.

Nothing can be more simple than the actual mode of operation; all the would-be healer has to do is, when retiring and just before going to sleep, to fix his or her mind intently on the person to be healed and then to command the healer's subjective mind to go to the subjective mind of the patient and suggest the removal of the pain and the alleviation of the suffering (whatever it may be). The healer must remember that his own subjective mind must be treated as a distinct entity, and what it is required to do must be explained as clearly as possible; for instance, if removal of pain is required, explain where the pain is exactly and if possible the cause, but if the latter be not known to the healer it does not actually matter, as the subjective mind's own innate instinct will tell it when once put on the right track.

It follows on the same lines as the physician of to-day, for the more he knows of his case the more quickly he will cure it. All the subjective mind requires is to be told what it has to do and it will do it.

Thomson Jay Hudson of Washington, D. C., was the first gentleman to thoroughly explain this psychic power so thoroughly and so clearly that anyone who studies this science with an earnest desire to do good cannot help but attain the desired end. He has cured hundreds of cases of disease and failed in a very few. Personally during the past year I have cured many cases of nervous diseases, and by constant practice the healer will find that the force becomes stronger and stronger in him so that his range of cures will be considerably enlarged when he has complete control of, and perfect faith in, his subjective mind.

Fortunately Divine Wisdom has given us a "signal" whereby the healer is enabled to know if the subjective mind of the healer has done his bidding, for if it has the healer cannot dream. The theory of this is simple, for the instant the body of the healer goes to sleep his subjective mind goes off to the patient to do what it has been previously told.

The healer must not expect to obtain complete control of his subjective mind at first, but practice will soon obtain the desired end and the pleasure of eventually being able to do good will far outweigh the trouble of the practice. It is not a thing whereby money can be obtained, but the healer's reward is far greater and more lasting; the reward is in the fact that the healer's health becomes better from the fact of always obtaining a perfect night's rest, and secondly in the knowledge of doing

good and consequently heaping up for himself riches in the hereafter.

The same law holds good for "self-healing." It is more difficult certainly, as anyone can see, for it is very hard to concentrate the mind when one has a racking headache or perhaps a bad fit of asthma, but still with practice it can be done. The only practical obstacle in the way of success with a beginner lies in the fact that he at first lacks confidence; the education of his whole life has been such as to cause him to look with distrust upon any but material remedies, but he should remember that it is the suggestions conveyed by this very education that he is now called upon to combat and overcome by a stronger and more emphatic counter-suggestion.

If the beginner has the strength of will to persist until he is cured or has made the cure in another, he will find that the next time there will be much less resistance to overcome, and, having once triumphed, the objective mind no longer interposes itself as an obstruction but concurs in the truth of the suggestion. The beginner then possesses both objective and subjective faith in his powers and he suddenly finds himself operating on a line of no resistance whatever; this point gained, the rest is easy and he will in time find himself able to cure every disease amenable to control by mental processes, such as asthma, strabismus, partial paralysis, neuralgia, dyspepsia, chronic bronchitis, rheumatism, headache, pen paralysis, insomnia, etc. Success in mental healing depends upon proper mental conditions, just as success in healing by physical agencies depends upon proper physical conditions.

The success of the physician depends as largely upon his knowledge of the idiosyncrasies of his patient, his habits, mode of living, etc., as upon a correct diagnosis and medicinal treatment of the disease. In like manner the success of the mental healer depends largely upon his knowledge of the patient's habits of thought, belief, prejudices and, above all, his mental environment.

When the physician is necessary, the mental healer can be of enormous benefit to him by concentration of his mind on the removal of the obstacle which has overcome nature for the time being.

It is easy to foresee that when the world once understands and appreciates the wonderful therapeutic powers inherent in the human soul, a great change will be the result. When it is once understood that the power exists in every human organism to alleviate suffering by a method at once so simple, so effective and so mutually beneficial, it cannot be questioned that a large proportion of the ills to which flesh is heir will exist only in history.

The writer will be only too glad to answer any questions on this subject or to explain further to anyone interested in this branch of psychology, who will address me in care of this office and enclose a self-addressed envelope.

Let us now look for a moment at the theory of the "Christian Scientist" and see which taxes the common sense most.

The method of healing of the Christian Scientists rests upon the assumption of the unreality of matter. This assumed as a major premise, it follows that our bodies are unreal, and, consequently, that there is no such thing as disease, the latter existing only in the mind, which is the only real thing in existence. I do not know whether the worthy lady founder of the school ever stopped to reduce her foundation principles to the form of a syllogism. I am inclined to think not, for otherwise their intense, monumental and aggressive absurdity would have become as apparent to her as to others.

Let us now look at them in the form of a syllogism:

Matter has no existence.

Our bodies are composed of matter.

Therefore our bodies have no existence.

It follows naturally that disease cannot exist in a non-existent body.

And this is what the disciples of Christian Science have to swallow!!

However, there are two facts that stand out in bold relief: One is that it numbers its followers by the hundred thousand, and the other is that the cures effected by its practitioners are of daily occurrence and of the most marvelous character.

Its great curse, on the other hand, is that it will not allow a physician when he is an absolute necessity, thereby causing large numbers of deaths, and it does not believe in the use of medicines at all: so science is retarded again, not by its use but by its abuse.

It seems obvious that no greater demand could be made upon the resources of our credulity than to tell us that all that is visible or tangible to our objective senses has no real existence, yet this is what the patient of Christian Science is invited to believe as a condition precedent to his recovery; and how any intelligent man or woman can become a member of this fraternity has always been a mystery to me.

In the case of psychodunamy, on the other hand, all that is required is for the healer to use the power that Divine Wisdom has given to every one of us in a greater or less degree, and to have faith in the power thus given.

Jesus always told His followers frankly that faith was essential, and His words are as true to-day as they were when He proclaimed to mankind that great secret of occult power.

Jesus Christ was the first to proclaim the great law of faith, and when He uttered that one word he epitomized the whole science of psycho-therapeutics.

ELLIS LESLIE.

TORONTO, April 23.

## Too Much of a Good Thing.

Gent—Mademoiselle looks more beautiful every day!

Lady—You have been telling me so for a good many years; what a horrid fright I must have been to start with!

## Then and Now.

She used to meet him at the gate with a kiss and a smile like morning light; but now she comes to the door in a dingy old calico wrapper and shoes down at the heel, shades her eyes with her hand and in a voice that seems to need oiling enquires: "Did you bring that butter?"

## A Glimpse of Leo XIII.

During the Spanish pilgrimage to Rome, which took place last April, the principal event was the high mass held in St. Peter's for the beatification of two new Spanish saints, SS. Juan of Avila and Diego of Cadiz. The ceremony was especially remarkable, not only as an historical event, but also on account of the presence of the Pope, who now rarely leaves the Vatican.

Great St. Peter's, with all its wonderful associations, at any time makes a strange impression upon one, but those who were fortunate enough to be present on this occasion witnessed a sight that could never be effaced from the memory.

On Sunday, April 29, we went to St. Peter's at two o'clock—none too early, for though His Holiness was not expected until half-past five, the great edifice was already crowded with people of all nationalities, Spaniards, of course, in the majority, very dirty and very picturesque. With difficulty we made our way to the seats on the tribune, which were separated from the aisles by rough wooden barricades. In this part the ladies were dressed in black and wore mantillas on their heads; the men were in evening or court dress. Soldiers of the Papal Guard were closely stationed along the aisles, their motley, quaint uniforms giving a bright dash of color to the black-robed multitude.

As it grew dusk the scene became more and more brilliant. The vast apse and chancel, wherein the high altar seems almost beyond eye-shot, was a blaze of light; innumerable great twelve-light chandeliers, each bearing candles over six feet long, studded the air throughout, forming circles and semi-circles, and leading the eye to the elevated picture of the new saint beyond. The walls, windows and balconies were draped with crimson damask and gold lace. In Michael Angelo's tremendous dome, four hundred and three feet above us, was the inscription "P. M. Leone XIII.," in letters of silver, brilliantly lit by oil lamps. The light brought out with great distinctness the colors of the wonderful marbles and mosaics which surrounded the dome. The



His Holiness Pope Leo XIII.

body of the cathedral presented a striking contrast to the brilliantly lighted apse and chancel. All seemed in semi-darkness, save here and there, where stray gleams of light from the side chapels lit up some of the endless pillars, with their gorgeous draperies of crimson and gold, and fell upon the great mass of humanity waiting to welcome the Holy Father.

As the time drew near for the arrival of the Pope the excitement became intense, and when cries were heard from without over fifty thousand voices rang out in cheers of welcome and praise. Suddenly the private doors were thrown open and the procession proceeded slowly and silently up the aisle, Swiss guards, Roman soldiers, choristers, canons and cardinals, solid patches of gold, white and purple against the dim background. Then two huge fans of feathers clove the dusk, barbaric symbols of a time before the separation of the Greek and Latin churches, contrasting strangely with the pseudo-classic architecture; and then between them, borne in his chair of state, high above his worshipping thousands, came the great Leo. Many times as they advanced he arose to his full height and blessed the people to right and left with a gracious dignity and tenderness beyond description. When the procession reached the chancel and the blaze of light fell upon the central figure, the deafening cries ceased and the thousands of pilgrims joined the choristers in singing a quaint, weird Spanish hymn. Whatever might be our private opinions, there was no mind untouched by the magnetism of the moment. It was like a vast Raphael picture brought to life; the poetry of it all was not less overpowering than the artistic effect to those with a sense of either.

The high mass lasted half an hour. His Holiness kneeling all the while, surrounded by other white-robed figures of dignitaries in, as it seemed, a mass of golden flame. At the end of the ceremony as the last rich notes of the grand organ died away, the Pope arose and pronounced the benediction. For a moment silence reigned, then the glittering helmets and the scarlet and purple gowns came slowly, slowly down from the glory which had seemed to surround them. Again the hymn of praise was sung, but it hardly pierced the shouts and cries of "Hail" and "Viva Papa" which filled the air. Once more the old man arose and blessed his worshipping thousands, then as he passed away into the Vatican the excitement seemed to culminate; many flung themselves on their knees with cries of "Il re Papa" and "Viva Papa," and a sea of white handkerchiefs floated over the black mass of heads.

Surprisingly soon after the ceremony the lights were extinguished and the great edifice

now appeared more vast than ever in the gray evening light.

It is believed by some that the Roman Catholic Church is on the wane, but it is said that there are more monasteries, more conversions, more gifts to the Church than ever before the dissolution of the religious houses by Victor Emmanuel, though half Italy is bankrupt. There seems a decided reaction in favor of the Pope, and one has only to see his face and the faces of his people to know whether the feeling for him is genuine.

Toronto, April 23. ALICE M. HOWLAND.

## Manuscript of The Low-backed Car.

While standing in the Arlington Hotel, Augusta, Ga., March 22, conversing with friends, Mr. Victor Herbert, the conductor of Gilmore's famous band, was approached by an entire stranger, who carried a suspicious-looking package. He introduced himself to the great conductor as Mr. George A. Oates, and after congratulating Mr. Herbert on being the grandson of the illustrious Irish wit and poet, Samuel Lover, presented him with the original manuscript of that now famous song, The Low-backed Car. Mr. Oates explained that the manuscript had been given to him by Mr. Lover in person, during a visit to the British Isles some years ago. Mr. Herbert was almost overcome by such a surprise, and he clasped the paper to his heart. It was written on a light blue paper with black ink, and in a hand peculiar to the Irish race. The incident was telegraphed to the New York Herald and several other papers as an interesting bit of news.

## Two Names.

One of the best known of Toronto artists—and the R.C.A. exhibition brings artists to the front—relates an incident that happened in his studio one day last summer and is worth repeating. A gentleman whom we shall call Smith, entered the studio and found two unknown gentlemen there in conversation with the artist.

"Good morning, Smith. Ah! Let me introduce you to my friends here. This is Mr. Smith—Mr. Smith, Mr. Hees."

"Deuce of a name," said Smith to himself as he bowed.

"Mr. Haus—Mr. Smith," smiled the artist introducing the other.

"Hees-Haus—hees-haw! What the deuce are you giving me?" complained Smith, backing away from the artist. "None of your blooming jokes now. Go to the d—l with your hees-haws and introduce us properly."

A great laugh arose at this and it did not subside for some time, Mr. Smith quickly perceiving that he had put his foot in it. Messrs. Hees and Haus are well known about town, although they do not usually travel together. Each one feels, no doubt, that his name sounds better apart from the other.

## A Glass of Dentifrice.

Charlie and M., the former a well known dry-goods departmental manager and the latter a genial non-com. in Queen's Own Rifles, had been out with the boys over night and had had a good time. When they arose the next morning they could have emptied the bay had it been at their bedside. As it was they emptied the water bottle and the toilet jug. And yet, like Oliver Twist, they wanted more. Now it so happens that M. has an elegant false tooth, which, before going to bed, he safely deposited in a glass of water. Charlie didn't know this until, dying for another drink, he sprang out of bed, seized the glass and speedily drank off the contents. He didn't, as luck would have it, swallow the tooth; but you have to get your skates on whenever you mention artificial teeth in his presence.

## Fashions in Engagement Rings.

Ladies' Home Journal.

For engagement rings the solitaire diamond is almost invariably used. Some lovers prefer to use the birth stones of their fiancées, garnets for January, amethysts for February, blood-stones for March, diamonds for April, emeralds for May, agate for June, rubies for July, sardonyx for August, sapphires for September, opals for October, topaz for November, turquoise for December. Where more than one stone is used the stones are arranged in a special design. Another fashion, one borrowed

from the Germans, is to use a plain band of gold in which the initials and date of the engagement are engraved, space being left for the date of the marriage, at which time the newer date is added and the ring used as the wedding ring.

## Professor Blackie.

Here is a pathetic story of the last words of the late Professor Blackie. His wife was talking with him on charity.

"Ah, yes, Hans," she said, "you have always been so fond of speaking of the three—Faith, Hope, and Charity—he agap', as you called her."

The dying man, following the more accurate pronunciation of Greek which prevails in Scotland, gently corrected the misplaced accent: "Agape, my dear."

And those were the last words Professor Blackie uttered—a strikingly characteristic combination of his life-long ideas of kindness and scholarship.

## A Mother's Way of Putting It.

Le Gaulois.

"Yes, sir, my son is about to sit for his matriculation, but I must tell you that he is afflicted with a kind of infirmity—extraordinary bashfulness. He knows quite well everything that he may be asked, but he is so shy that—and then—"

The examiner, with a smile betraying kindness blended with experience, replied: "And what is he particularly shy in?"

The mother, promptly: "In Greek, sir!"

## Cruel She.

Edwin—What do you think I have in this locket, dearest? The postage-stamp on your last letter. It has been touched by your lips. It often touches mine.

Angelina—Oh, Edwin, I'm so very sorry. I moistened that horrid postage-stamp on Fido's dear, damp nose!

## That Wouldn't Answer.

New York World.

Bessie Footlights—I should like to show you my new dance, but there isn't room for it here.

Manager—Wait till I move this table out of the way.

Bessie Footlights—That won't do any good; the ceiling is too low.

## An Art Item.

Truth.

Lady (artist)—Have you noticed the new art in the show bills?

Philistine—Yes; but if that is art, I am a fool.

Lady—It is art.

## Observing the Sabbath.

Pall Mall Budget.

Effie—Please, Uncle Arthur, do come and play chess with me.

Uncle Arthur—Oh, Effie! Don't you remember? It's Sunday.

Effie—Well, we can let the bishop win!

## Naturally.

Boston Transcript.

Lieutenant—You say you found Mr. Royster in the street intoxicated. What did you do with him?

Patrolman—Why, you see, we had heard him spoken of as a clubbable man.

Lieutenant—Yes.

Patrolman—And so we clubbed him.

## The Bill.

Harpur's Bazar.

The doctor had presented his bill and it was large.

"Humph!" said Skinflint, "this is a pretty big charge."

"No doubt," retorted the doctor, "considering the value of the life I saved; but it goes."

## Expectation.

Deacon Hapgood—There's a glowing report from our African missionaries in this here paper.

Mrs. Hapgood—Yes? Do they think those savages will soon be able to help us out with our church mortgage?

Mrs. Glimpses—Was not the trip to Dakota rather expensive? Mrs. Seall—Oh, no; I went on one of the regular divorce excursions.

## Going by Precedent.



"But you certainly ought to consider the wishes of your parents."

"Why should I? They didn't marry to please me!"—Life.



## Short Stories Retold.

Gambetta once offered a prefecture with a salary of six thousand francs to an incorrigible Bohemian, who, however, declined with thanks, saying: "I can make more than that by borrowing."

George Augustus Sala was once in a train which was "held up" by Carlists in Spain, and he overheard a Spanish gentleman, who was overcome with fright, murmuring to himself, "To die so young, to leave my wife and babes; oh, it is sad, it is sad! and I haven't even had my breakfast."

Somebody once asked General Joseph E. Johnston why the Southern army did not occupy the capital at once after the first Bull Run. "There were two reasons why we did not take Washington," said he, "myself and the Potomac River. I had reached that age that I knew an American soldier could not ford a river a mile wide and eighteen feet deep."

Danstable larks and the wheat ear, or English ortolan, are dainties much esteemed by epicures. A Scotch officer was once dining with Lord George Lennox and was placed near a dish of wheat-ears, which diminished rapidly under his attentions. Lady Lennox tried to divert his notice to another dish; but "Na, na, my leddy," was the reply, "these wee birdies will do verra weel."

Nothing has surpassed the evasive yet dignified reply of the Speaker to Charles the First, when that ill-advised monarch came to the House of Commons in person to arrest the five members, and asked if he saw the members, and if so, to point them out. "May it please your majesty," answered the Speaker, "I have neither eyes to see nor tongue to speak in this place but as the House is pleased to direct me."

At a prayer-meeting in a small town near Syracuse recently, an illiterate but good man made the following prayer: "O Lord, Thou knowest that we are thankful to Thee that our souls are safe from the fire that quenched not. If a man lose his horse, Thou knowest that he can buy another; if he lose his house, Thou knowest that he can build another; if he lose his wife, Thou knowest that he can get another; but if he lose his soul—good bye, John."

It is related of an English judge, now gone over to the majority, that, whenever a woman appeared as a witness, after asking her age, he used to go on, with a malicious twinkle in his eye: "Now, madame, you swear to speak the truth and the whole truth. What is your name? What is your profession?" The stress laid on the word "Now," and the tone in which it was uttered, had the effect of convulsing the auditors; but it is on record that most of the witnesses never seemed to perceive the little joke at their expense.

William Dean Howells' father, who emigrated to Ohio half a century or more ago, used this formula to get rid of an intrusive visitor who had worn out his welcome. He would be called out on some business and would say to the guest: "I suppose you will not be here when I return, so I wish you good-bye!" This was not bad, except in comparison with the superb stratagem ascribed to Gerrit Smith in such emergencies—as that he used to say in his family prayer, after breakfast: "May the Lord also bless Brother Jones, who leaves us on the ten o'clock train this morning."

The Athenaeum Club is thought by some of its irreverent members to be rather too full of the Episcopal element. When the United Service Club is under repair its members sometimes take refuge in the Athenaeum. When the Athenaeum visits the United Service, it imparts its ecclesiastical character to the latter. Once, the first night that the Athenaeum members arrived there, an aged warrior descended the stairs at midnight and went to the stand for his umbrella. It had vanished and a thunderstorm was going on. "Gone!" roared out the ferocious veteran. "Of course it is gone. This comes of letting in those blessed bishops."

Mr. Robert Biron, Q. C., who has just died, was a very popular man in London for his good qualities and his gifts as an after-dinner speaker. His expression was not that of one who passed his time in brawling courts and purloins of the law, but was rather contrived than otherwise. This, on one occasion, caused a couple of rogues, who drove the common trade of selling sparrows in Regent Park as "having just flown over from the Zoological Gardens" to imagine him an easy victim. "It's a curious bird, sir, and we don't know its value, nor even what kind of a bird it is. Now, what should you think?" "Well," said Biron, looking from one to the other of their thievish faces, "I am not quite sure, but I should think it was a jail-bird." The astonished embarrassment they displayed was, he used to say, quite remarkable.

Edward, one of the "fighting McCooks," while governor of Colorado Territory, had a good deal of trouble with the Indians, and especially with their chief Colorow. With a party of his braves, Colorow came to Denver one day, and after drinking heavily told his followers that he was going up to kill McCook. The governor had his office in a two-story building, and sat with his back to the door, with a looking-glass on the desk in front of him, so that he could see anyone coming in without turning. McCook was expecting some trouble with Colorow, and was seated at his desk when the Indian came in. Colorow had a pistol in his hand, and approaching McCook he stood by his side and grunted, "McCook liar!" The governor never looked up, but kept on writing. "McCook heap liar!" repeated Colorow, but the governor never noticed it. "McCook heap big liar," continued Colorow, and still the pen scratched away. Colorow mistook McCook's silence for fear, and let his pistol-hand drop until his arm hung down straight. In an instant McCook grasped the Indian's wrist, and in another the pistol fell to the floor. Turning Colorow around, the governor deliberately thrust him downstairs and out of the door into the circle of Indians who were waiting for the expected trouble. "Colorow's a squaw," said McCook to the assembled Indians, and giving the chief a parting push he returned to his office.

## Between You and Me.

I WONDER what we used to watch for in spring before we rode bicycles! Spring must have been a dull thing in comparing then and now, unless one owned a smart mount and had a groom and good fortune in the way of looks and horsemanship. Even then, a ride was a pleasure demanding time and consideration. The horse was not always fit, sometimes the favorite country roads were heavy, and other things did not "marcher" pleasantly. Perhaps one of the most interesting hours in the budding season is the one in which one trundles out the wheel after its winter siesta and makes it ready with oil and chamols, pump and wrench for the first day's outing. And should that outing be delayed, one can always take pleasure in a final rub, a critical twirl of the pedals, and a judicious drop of oil here and there, where it will do most good. When the half holiday comes, balmy and golden, there is nothing in the year to compare with it. The wheel itself seems to enter into one's pleasure, going gamely over rough spots and cannily around corners, sneaking between yawning ruts and creeping along the level bed of some grass-grown ditch. There are great vistas of hill-encircled valleys, which in a month will be nothing but masses of green foliage; now, one can count the trees and follow the tiny stream a hundred feet below, as it meanders brown and modest between its faded grassy banks. There is a path zigzagging up the ravine, which is already faintly green like a pale ribbon amid the gray; there is a bustling brown mother hen, with her coterie of downy wee chicks, and two absurd roosters having a rough-and-tumble set-to. The birches spread their white limbs between us and the tender blue sky, their tassels scarcely shaking in the young spring's breath, and sap dropping like tears from their shoots. Once and again a robin whistles from the woods, and a bass-lamb stammers a call for its mamma. There is a bracing sweetness of the green things growing that fills one's lungs with the air of life. The sun is kind and warm without burning; whether one whirls past the dun fields or rests on a sunny bank, or perches a while on the highest point to view the awakening face of Nature, one is glad and happy for the spring, for the swift and silent wheel. And the city seems a fusty, sordid place when one returns at sundown, with dusty clothes and far from clean face, with that all-over tired feeling which is the assurance of perfect repose later on, and which, so far as I have known, nothing but the bicycle can give in perfection.

This is the season for being out of doors. Don't let all the mountain of spring sewing, which piles up before some of you, deprive you of the right to the glorious spring air, the sweet spring sunshine. Don't wear yourselves out with that reproach to refinement—house cleaning—and lay up a cold for a merry May day by letting your furnace out to save any dust from settling on your spick and span rooms. There are people all over the city shivering in the chill atmosphere of homes in which the presiding angel, or rather fiend, has decided it is time to let the furnace out. Keep the furnace going. If the house gets too warm, let in some air, but don't go around with a shawl and a red nose!

The cross man, who says he doesn't care for music, was criticizing the orchestra yesterday. Sometimes when the cross man wants to be taken seriously we guy him, and he lashes himself into a fury of taunt and sarcasm which is exhaustive to his hearers and seems to do him good. "The violin, certainly, idealized cat!" said the cross man, with a snap of his teeth that made me jump. "And the harp—spiritual, but tongue-tied, don't you think? The piano—bah! the music of mechanism. Cornet—too arrogant; call of duty, but leaving no alternative. 'Cello—interesting; like a big man in consumption; always gives me the blues. Drum—hard head and empty heart." I timidly enquired what he had to say of an organ. The cross man relented. "All their good and bad points combined," he said, waving his hand toward the orchestra. "and only one blunderer to exploit 'em instead of a dozen." Whereupon I grew daring and asked: "And the bagpipes?" The cross man regarded me wildly. "The bagpipes don't make music," he said deliberately. "They are a vague nightmare of discord, without beginning or end, from which I would fly if I understood music."

A noble woman slipped for one moment into melancholy and sighed, "I have no one to exorcise for me—no one who would feel sorry if I died." "Then," quoth another to her sharply, "it's quite your own fault." And there's the naked truth. When you feel like howling because no one cares for you, drop it, and wait because you care for no one. For listen, if you care for one or a dozen of your fellow-beings as you might, you'll never have time to find out whether they care for you or not. Love is not like the horse-leech's daughter crying ever, "Give, give," rather is its sweet song, "Take, take." And as one can only do one thing perfectly at a time, if one is ever busy doing for others one won't have time to notice whether others are doing for one, much less to lament their indifference. Maybe some lonely soul whom your love and interest can make happy is hovering at your very door, while you sit within and sigh because no one cares for you.

Don't be afraid to care for people! Your swans will doubtless often be the veriest geese, and you will find many oysters before you secure one pearl. It is not the prize of a pearl which repays you; it is the strength and the knowledge which comes with the diving, and the law which works by the contrary and blessed rule that the more you give the more you shall have to give of love and interest.

How selfish we are, in spite of our best endeavors! As I rode down the smooth asphalt this morning I said wrathfully unreasonable things of the watering-carts which had lately baptized the roads. One morning last winter I heard a baby bewailing the meanness of the residents in her locality, as she dragged her small sled over the neatly cleaned pavements. "Turn here, Jennie," shouted her chum; "here's some nice peoples leaves the snow on their sidewalk."

LADY GAY.

## The Season's Novelties.

THE new things of the season, as we have said before, are in the small details of dress. There are really no radical changes in design making last year's gowns too old-fashioned for use. Belted and drooping waists, large sleeves and full skirts existed then, and gowns made then by dressmakers who keep up with the times need not now be altered, though they may be freshened by some of the newest accessories—as the large collar of *batiste*, of ribbon, or of scrim, or by simulated pleats of lace or open embroidery mounted on ribbons. The enquiries of correspondents are mostly in regard to skirts, their cut, width and, above all, whether they are stiffened with interlining. Dressmakers who have returned from Paris reply that all skirts are wide, but that no two houses cut them alike or stiffen them alike. The whole thing is a matter of individual taste. But there is a marked tendency to use less stiffening in summer gowns. In width, five to six yards is abundant for skirts of street dresses, while those for the house may flare to eight or nine yards. All are close-fitting about the hips. To give variety and make a change from the plain skirt now so popular, wide, flat pleats like *kilt* folds are being introduced on the sides of skirts that are plain in front and have stiffened *godets* in the back. One pretty model has plain side breadths folding forward on the seams of the front breadth, giving a tablier effect. This offers a good suggestion for widening skirts that are too narrow or for freshening them, as the tablier front may be of another fabric—embroidery, lace, accordion-pleated *chiffon*, striped silk or the puffed taffeta *plisse*. Six and eight gored skirts are most used. *Crepone* skirts are cut in gores all around, because experience shows that *crepone* sags when cut in wide, circular breadths.

A new gown was of biscuit-colored cloth, the skirt full, slashed a little at the top seams of the tablier in front, the slashes filled in with Persian embroidery. The corsage is a blouse over a little yoke of the same embroidery, and has slashes on each side of the front filled in with the same pretty Persian stuff. Another gown is of dark blue *crepone*. The corsage is a blouse back and front of accordion-pleated *mousseline de soie*, covered with a heavy kind of lace that looks almost as though it were made of silk cord. This forms a side piece under the arms, and is put on in a graduated strip in front and behind, the whole spangled. The collar and belt are of draped green velvet. In taffeta blouses and dresses one sees such pretty little "side-wheel" collars made of tiny side pleats that are caught in bars of rhinestones at each side of the throat, with the pleats flaring like little fans. One sees the same sort of effect at the back of the belt, little side-wheels at each side of the middle coming from sparkling rhinestones. All the corsages in smart gowns now are finished at the bottom so as to be worn outside of the skirt, which gives one the effect of having a much longer waist than with last year's fashion of round belts. Very simple plain blouses to wear with tailor-made gowns are made of plaid and checked taffetas, the front a blouse drooping over the belt, with knots of ribbon, two ends standing up and two falling down, finishing it on either side. While the bolero, so called, seems to have gone out there are some charming little jackets that are certainly first cousin to the bolero—little jackets in brown cloth, very short in the back, the front round and finished with revers, rolling and lying flat, the sides under the arms slashed, and finished on either side of the slashes with tiny buttons. The collar turned over, and was finished in front with a flaring cravat of lawn, edged with the ubiquitous ivory lace.

I notice the greatest lot of spangles on evening gowns. Many of the seams were piped with heavy cords of the material; the bodices were blouse shape, covered with spangles or dainty embroidery—there were always flowers over the shoulders. One lovely gown of the most exquisite pink satin had an inverted pleat in the front of the corsage—that is, one very narrow at the bottom and flaring open at the top—the whole made of the pink satin covered with delicate embroidery in silver. Many of the skirts were cut with what are called *pattes* on either side of the front breadth, that is, two flat overlapping pieces of the material bound with a piping of white satin. A dress of *glace* silk in a charming design of old-blue, brown and white was made in this way, with loops of black satin ribbon inserted under the *pattes* in front. The bodice had a wide ceinture or corselet of *guipure* in a lovely pattern of wheels that came down smooth to a little below the belt, where it formed *godets*. It was spangled, of course, like everything else. A pretty summer gown of mauve and white taffeta in hair lines was trimmed with pale blue ribbon tied in a bow in front, as in the dresses I have described before, over a drapery of fine old-yellow lace. The belt was of blue ribbon put together to form a wide ceinture, and fastened at one side by two large buttons of Dresden china. Another little model that I have seen repeated in many different houses and in many different colors was of tobacco-colored cloth, trimmed again with the Persian embroidery that is so popular. It was cut to give the effect of a long coat, was open in front over a chemise of fine tucked lawn, trimmed with ivory lace, and came down like a princess dress to end just below the waist, on each side of the front, with the *pattes* that I have just described.

LA MOÏE.

## Correspondence Coupon

This coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or gaudy cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Columns. Replies unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

RECTORINE.—This is a crude and childish head, but has many fine traits. It needs time to mature. I fancy, like the poetry, it's the work of a juvenile.

CELEST.—This is rather a clever study, dashing and full of animation, inclined to sentiment, slightly ambitious, dis-

creet, courageous, and with firm purpose and bright perception, a good character.

BROWN EYES.—I have never been in Vancouver. 2. Your writing shows a good deal of energy, some sentiment, unceremonious judgment, much go and impulse, some refinement and a little reserve in affection and expression; you are not buoyant, but should be rather a reliable and conservative body.

G. C. E. J.—You are an easy-going and kind-hearted person, a bit tenacious, rather clever and of bright perception; a marked lack of tact and bluntness of manner are shown. When you have an idea you carry it through. Your judgment is sometimes prejudiced and your method decidedly erratic.

BERRY B.—There are plenty of redeeming traits. You are sweet-tempered, fond of beauty, of very refined tastes, keen sympathy and some ability. You have hope, ambition, imagination and are rather an idealist. I see very little sign of crankiness about you, but plenty of evidence of a pleasant and doubtless popular personality.

ARMED PUFFY.—You ought to be drowned, for a silly fellow that you are. However, all I can tell you is that your writing is too wavering, and, being glued to lines, too unmeaning, to give me much of a study. You are rather conceited and self-conscious, lacking culture and style, and probably, as your friends and companions say, a giggler. Fancy a cat which giggles! Scat!

GUERDOLINA, Brockville.—A very fine, free and self-reliant character, high-strung, proud, and upright, extra forceful and constant purpose, social instincts and some tendency to self-indulgence, great capacity for work and considerable ability; sympathy is not strong nor perception remarkably bright. Writer should lead rather than follow and would be sure to command respect and consideration.

FRANC.—I must decline to trouble myself with your various specimens of bad writing. It is perhaps as well to tell you that you had better stick to the first one and develop it as well as you can; the other two are absurdities. There are good lines in the first, but nothing to redeem its carelessness and ill-guided character. I don't like to believe any of the three is quite your writing, you begin so well and so soon deteriorate.

TRILBY.—By a curious coincidence your request for my opinion of Trilby was exactly answered recently. Your writing shows a great deal of bright and clever fancy, independent thought, love of beauty, constant purpose and a tendency to look rather passively at life. You should be a magnetic, sympathetic and charming soul, with considerable culture and a very refined nature. There is nothing commonplace in you.

BERTY.—No, not unless the gentleman were a relative. I don't fancy the idea. The gift is too familiar. Anything that would add to his comfort; for instance, a neat little black silk skull cap, with his initials embroidered on the crown, inside. 2. You are careful, painstaking and practical, with some enterprise and much perseverance. The writing suggests a deliberate and studied method, but is not a finished or cultured hand. I think the writer might improve a great deal on it.

A HEAVENLY TRIPLET.—1. Are you sure there are two more like you? What London has to account for! I am glad your friends consider your character "out of the common." That I gather is something complimentary. 2. Your writing shows rather a generous, strong-willed and self-conscious person, with no marked power of reasoning, much more of a hope, a hopeful disposition, on the whole plenty of crude and undeveloped force and energy. I don't think you are brilliant, though you may be original. Your emotions are strong and your method truthful and honest.

LADY HARRIET OF BAY VIEW.—If your ladyship would not be so kind to say that you are best fitted for home life. There is nothing in your writing to indicate marked talent of any sort. But at the same time, it is rather a smart study. You lack finish and the gentler graces of tact and hopefulness. At the same time you desire to rise, have constant and increasing purpose and a limited amount of energy and force. There are some pretty suggestions in your lines and I see some attractiveness and a good deal of discretion. You take admirable care of number one.

MOUNTAIN.—Now, Hamilton, please don't ever try to be funny! I ride Saturday night, or any other night, if it is necessary. In fact, I rather often come in from a country ride late on Saturday evening, which is no one's business but my own. As to being on a whirl, you are quite astray. Get back to Hamilton and remain there. 2. You have quite a sensible study, a little crude, but businesslike and forceful. You are not apt to waste time on the small courtesies of life and your character lacks the lighter traits, but it's a good solid and respectable one. I am afraid you don't laugh as often and as heartily as you should. I think perhaps you also need time and sandpaper, lacking finish and polish, my bold mountaineer.

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**Royal Canadian Academy**  
16th ANNUAL EXHIBITION  
**O-PEN**  
APRIL 19th  
TILL MAY 4th  
AT THE ART GALLERY  
KING ST. WEST  
TORONTO  
ADMISSION 25c

There is plenty of room for fault-finding and grumbling about the lighting of the Art Gallery of the Ontario Society of Artists, where the present, the sixteenth annual exhibition of the Royal Canadian Academy is being held. The light comes from two wells, deep set sky-lights, and is so far from satisfactory as to do scant justice to the pictures on certain parts of the walls. If there were no remedy there "naught behooved like silence," but the remedy was lately brought before the public in the movement to erect an art building worthy of our city. If some benevolent and artistically inclined citizen would do for this art what has already been done for music in providing a suitably large building, or would at least start the thing, there is a sufficiently large number interested to carry it through we are sure. At this present exhibition it is evident that the new school of "plain air" enthusiasts is somewhat on the increase, but yet very much in the minority. They brighten the walls and give variety, and possess certain delightful qualities not to be reached by the older methods. Of the two smaller rooms of the gallery one is given up to architectural drawings which are interesting even to those outside the profession; the other to mural decorations. The most attractive of these is Mr. Reid's Resting, full of repose in the reclining figure and open-air effect in the treatment of the golden rod and foliage. We would be inclined to find fault with the grayness of the hay. In Miss Ford's Annunciation the simple treatment of the distant city is very fine, but the angel is unsatisfactory, the face especially. Miss Tully's dancing group lacks strength, but is full of charming color. Her Motherhood, in the larger room, also has the latter quality and expresses much tender feeling. This artist is very successful in her portraits; that of Lieut. Colonel Bolton is worthy of special note. A comparison of the portraits here could easily take a good deal of time. There Mr. Forster's work, striving after truth, delineating character, sometimes idealizing; a portrait by Mr. Harris that leaves nothing to be desired—it satisfies; Mr. Reid's three, given with a dash, ease and solidity unlike anything else here. Close inspection by day might, with some, lead to dissatisfaction, but at some distance, and especially by artificial light, nothing in the room is as living as two of these. There is Mr. Patterson's careful, solid work; Miss Haggarty's charming pastel that is an excellent likeness; Miss McConnell's aptness in rendering expression; Mr. St. Charles' dashing portrait of himself smoking, with the peculiar arrangement of light from behind; Mr. Sherwood's effective full-length portrait of a lady; Mr. Grieg's quaintly delightful Fifty Years Ago, in which, however, he has been more successful with drapery than flesh; and Miss Ford's unassuming but forcibly painted portrait of herself. Mr. Brownell has a Decorative Panel that is one of the best bits of the exhibition; the arrangement is very simple and the style unlabored. The subject is a Roman mistress and an attendant bringing in fruit. Miss Bell has an equally pleasing picture in Twilight on the Beach. The subject is simple enough and Canadian enough to satisfy the most exacting—some boys floating their chip boats in the water in the foreground. It is in the skilful management of dying daylight and the light of a street lamp on some houses near, that most of the charm lies. It recalls strongly one of Louis Desmar's with the same conflicting lights, some fishermen at a shrine in the early morning. There is a carefully preserved scheme of color in Mr. Sandham's Cleopatra; the warm, light background with the thread of "blue" (really green) Nile, the same color repeated in the costume, the easy pose, the thoroughly consistent costume and proudly insolent expression give us a very convincing Cleopatra. Mr. Pinhey has much good work in three heads, all very low in tone. Mr. Graham's Horses Drinking is an excellent piece of animal painting, solid, strong, sure and harmonious in color. Mr. Cruickshank's horses are equally well drawn; the action, as they pull their heavy load, is well given, but the subject fails to interest. Of Mr. Grieg's Beret, mention has been made before. It is full of tender sentiment finely expressed. Miss Houghton's sheep give promise. Mr. Ball-Smith's Cavalier is a strong piece of work. Mr. William Gale shows careful work, but lacks spontaneity. Miss Hillard's Daffodils has the crisp freshness of the flowers. Mr. Staples arrests attention with his Mother and Child in the springing action of the baby, while the flesh is rather muddy. Mrs. Reid gives charming out-of-door effects in several canvases, full of sunshine and atmosphere, and also shows a pleasing interior. Mrs. Watt's cat in Mischief has a delightful furry look and good movement. Mr. Homer Watson shows a number of Nature's moods with feeling; occasionally he lapses into monotony of color and form. Mr. Sherwood has expressed much in Tired Out of a phase of life not usually given; his work might be carried further and given better expression to



Little Mickey (who has made a mistake in his spelling)—What difference does one letter make, anyhow?  
Mr. O'Toole (wishing to impress a severe lesson)—It jist meks a dommed soight av diff'rence sometimes! Jist because there haint thot little letter "R" in the months av May, June, July an' August, we don't get no oysters. Thot's phwat!—Puck.

a good subject, for he has undertaken a line almost entirely his own among local artists. Of landscapes there is a pleasing variety. Mr. Ahrens contributes several strikingly new and effective in treatment. Mr. Atkinson shows a large canvas in his usual strong manner, in which the water is not altogether satisfactory. Mr. J. A. Brown, Mr. Cantwell, Miss Spurr, Mr. Jeffreys, Mr. McGillivray Knowles, Mr. Manley, whose water colors, Flowers of the Field, is especially good and out of the common, Mr. J. W. H. Watts, Mr. Robins, Mr. Raphael, Mr. Challenger, Mr. T. Mower Martin, whose subjects are always homely and interesting, Mr. Hope, whose Moonlight on the Loing expresses well the wide brooding quiet of the subject—these are among the principal contributors to this branch of art. Before closing we would mention a marine by Mr. Harris, sparkling water, charming color and movement; Mr. Hammond's rich coloring in the golden mistiness of the St. John's Harbor; the glimmering white on the boats, the ship's side, the gulls' wings and the opalescent color of the sea in Mr. O'Brien's Mackerel Fishing, Bay of Fundy. Mr. Robins has handled an old subject from a new standpoint and with fresh, clear color in Perce Bay, while Mr. Matthews in Nos. 63 and 67 has given us a couple of good water colors. To sum up, the present exhibition is ahead of that four years ago from the presence of several works of marked originality in subject and treatment, while the average picture is about equal in each. Several very fine specimens of wood carving by Miss L. Beresford Tully and three examples of Mr. Hamilton McCarthy's work occupy the space in the center of the large room.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Reid are among the first artists to leave for the summer's work. They are now in New York having a look at the two exhibitions now on and expect in a few days to be at their home in the Catskills.

Mr. Brownell of Ottawa was this year the only associate elected member of the Royal Canadian Academy, although two vacancies had been declared. A more satisfactory choice could scarcely have been made, as Mr. Brownell's work at this exhibition shows.

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Scott & Bowne, Belleville. All Druggists. 50c & \$1.

### The Little Things That Count.

#### The Wise and the Otherwise.

In one of his recent books Mr. Leslie Stephen gives it as his opinion that the knowledge attained by the wise can never be communicated to the multitude.

But who are the "wise," and who belong to the "multitude"? That's about as tough a question to settle as to say who are saints and who are sinners. Things are so mixed, you know. Can we ever be sure we are wise? Is it ever absolutely safe to call another man a fool? Whosoever can decide that is a wise man—and perhaps the only one in all the Queen's dominions.

Was our good friend Mr. Samuel Nicholls a wise man to permit himself to suffer pain for eleven years? No, not perfectly so. Nobody suffers pain if he can help it. He couldn't help it, because he lacked just one bit of knowledge—how to stop it. He knows now; but, alas! a day, who shall restore time gone? Wise people learn from the experience of others. Possibly here's a lesson for you and me.

We can do no more than skim the surface of Mr. Nicholls' story; the whole of it would make a book. In harvest time, 1880, he felt dull, sleepy, and fagged. Both body and mind were heavy and low like the atmosphere before a thunderstorm. And for him the storm was coming. Presently pain took him in the knees, which swelled up so badly he could hardly stir. The pain in the muscles of his right arm and shoulder; not a mere grumbling ache, but pain so intense that he uses the adjective, "frightful" in describing it.

Later on his hands became so swollen and drawn out of shape that he couldn't hold a fork or a spade (he works on a farm). "I was so stiff in the joints of my legs," he says, "that I used to stand up at the dinner table."

Take another expression, quoted literally from his own account: "On certain occasions the pain was so bad that I have hollered for eighteen hours at a time, and have fainted as I sat before the fire."

In mercy's name, try to fancy that it makes one's heart sore with pity for him; even now, when it's all over and gone. A martyr on the rack couldn't have suffered more.

Mr. Nicholls says he got little or no sleep when he had these bad attacks, and often sat up or tried to walk about, instead of going to bed. He was never free from pain; and even when at his best—when the disease was giving him a kind of lull or respite—he had great difficulty in getting about his work, and did but little at that.

We are not to suppose that our friend went through all this without an effort for relief. Quite the contrary. He consulted the doctors and applied hot poultices and other things in that line, such as embrocations, rubbing bottles, and so on. Momentary relief came of it, but nothing that looked in the least like a cure.

Now, remember that we have merely glanced at this case. The reader's imagination must picture its full history. It covers years enough to make a man old—to make him resemble a ship that has stuck on the rocks and been hammered by the gales of half a score of winters. It is a wonder that he should have had anything left to build on, or any balance of courage or hope.

Here's the conclusion in a few words, his own words, too: "In August, 1891," he says, "a little book happened to fall into my hands, telling about a medicine known as Mother Selgel's Curative Syrup, and I read in it of a case like mine being cured by this Syrup. I got a bottle from Mr. J. F. Cook, chemist, Holbeach, and after taking it a few days some of the stiffness and pain went out of my joints. I kept on, and not long afterwards I was as right as any man can be. I have had no ache or pain since, nearly eighteen months." (Signed) Samuel Nicholls, The Glebe Farm, Hougham, near Grantham, January 31st, 1893.

Isn't it a comfort to know that such a case can be cured? "Yes, yes," say we, all of us. It was chronic inflammatory rheumatism.

Now for the golden lesson it teaches. Rheumatism is a result and symptom of a torpid stomach and liver—indigestion and dyspepsia. The only way to cure rheumatism is to cure indigestion and dyspepsia, the cause of it. Mr. Nicholls knows this now.

And if we all bear it in mind, no doctor or philosopher can be any wiser than we in that important particular. Add one thing more: Mother Selgel's Curative Syrup is the remedy.

"As I was saying," said the partisan orator, "the purpose of this ward organization is to secure reform of the city government." "Good for you!" shouted the voice of one earnest citizen in the audience. "And," continued the orator sternly, but in a lowered voice, "if any of you fellows don't help in this glorious work you'll not get any jobs out of us if we're elected. See?"

#### Milk, Butter, Eggs.

Fresh meat, fish, water, fruit, vegetables, as well as milk, butter and eggs, are frequently loaded with germs of disease. If the stomach is maintained in a healthy condition, these germs are digested and eliminated from the system without producing any bad effect. Ayer's Sarsaparilla gives tone and strength to the digestive organs, enables them to do their duty and imparts the vigor of health to the entire system.

"What makes you think she has such good taste in artistic matters?" said one girl. "She has given up trying to draw," said the other.

#### They Do Not Despair.

An utter loss of hope is not characteristic of consumptives, though no other form of disease is so fatal, unless its progress is arrested by use of Scott's Emulsion, which is cod liver oil made as palatable a cream.

**TEN GOLD, SILVER and BRONZE MEDALS AND ELEVEN DIPLOMAS**  
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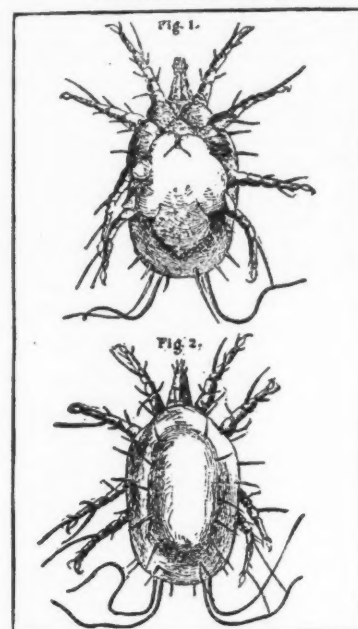
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It helps DIGESTION  
TO ASSIST DIGESTION, IMPROVE APPETITE  
FOR NERVOUS EXHAUSTION AND A VALUABLE TONIC

#### What are Raw Sugars?

Professor Cameron, Public Analyst of the city of Dublin, who has examined samples of raw sugar, states that they contained great numbers of disgusting insects, which produce a disgusting disease. Their shape is very accurately shown in the accompanying figures, magnified two hundred diameters. Fig. 1 is the under side and Fig. 2 is the upper side. His description is as follows:

"The *Acarus sacchari* is a formidably organized, exceedingly lively, and decidedly ugly little animal. From its oval-shaped body stretches forth a proboscis terminating in a kind of scissors, with which it seizes upon its food. Its organs of locomotion consist of eight legs, each jointed and furnished at its extremity with a hook. In the sugar, its movements from one place to another are necessarily very slow, but when placed on a perfectly clean and dry surface, it moves along with great rapidity."

SUGAR INSECT.  
"*Acarus Sacchari*."  
FOUND IN RAW SUGAR.



Drawn from life from insects found in grocery Mauritius sugar. By Smith, Beck & Beck, Microscopists, London.

He adds that "the number of *Acarus* found in raw sugar is sometimes exceedingly great, and in no instance is the article quite free from either the insects or their eggs. Muscovado, as it comes from the colonies, should never be used."

He further says: "The *Acarus sacchari* do not occur in Refined Sugar of any quality, because they cannot pass through the charcoal filters of the refinery, and because Refined Sugar does not contain any nitrogenous substance upon which they could feed."

#### No Wonder They Looked at Her.

Bradford Daily Argus.  
Alas for woman's wiles! When will poor, unsuspecting man cease to be a victim? A married couple were walking down one of the main thoroughfares of Bradford the other day, and the husband, noting the attention other women obtained from passers-by, remarked—very ungalantly, I must admit—to his better half: "Folk niver leuk at thee; thah's qwer plain t' mug. Ah wish'd married somebody better looking." The dame tartly replied: "It's thy fault, thah gurt fathead. Dusta."

## FEARED THE LOSS OF VOICE

Rev. JOHN ROADHOUSE, Seeley's Bay, Ontario, Canada:

"Allow me to tell of my high appreciation of the K. D. C. you kindly sent me last fall. The state of my stomach was affecting my throat. At times I feared the loss of my voice, but K. D. C. brought such relief that I cannot but believe it to be a Godsend. It is the best stomach medicine I have met with."

K. D. C. cleanses and heals the stomach, restoring it to healthy action.

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IS KDC TRY IT NOW

think a man'll stare at me when thah's walking w' mah! Thee step behind and thah'll see whether folk won't leuk at mah." He hung back about a dozen yards and for the length of a street was surprised to see every man his wife passed stare hard at her and turn around and look after her when she had passed. "Forgive mah, Sal, lass," he contritely exclaimed. "Ah was wrong, an' ah tak' it back. Ah'll niver say owt abah't thy fease again." The wily feminine had accomplished the trick by putting out her tongue and grimacing at every man she met.

#### Short Journeys on a Long Road

In the characteristic title of a profusely illustrated book containing over one hundred pages of charmingly written descriptions of summer resorts in the country north and west of Chicago. The reading matter is new, the illustrations are new, and the information therein will be new to almost everyone.

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— JOHN —  
**BROWN'S SPECIAL SCOTCH**  
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Nature intends all women to be lovely. Health and Happiness are the greatest beautifiers, and Armonia, or Poverty of Blood, is Beauty's greatest enemy. An Armonia person may be known by a pale complexion and colorless lips, accompanied by indigestion, debility, or extreme irregularity, depression of spirits and failure, offensive breath, headaches, pains in the side and back, palpitation and coughs. If neglected, chronic skin eruptions, eczema, dropsy and consumption follow. Jolly's "Duchess" Pills will restore color, health, strength and beauty, and make the palest face clear and rosy, thus producing a lovely complexion. Write to-day to LYMAN BROS. & Co., Sole Agents, Front Street E., Toronto, for a box containing 60 doses, easy to take and sufficient to cure. Price 50 cents Post Free. Why not be Lovely?

**All Ladies Love Sweet Perfumes**  
Then let your next gift be a bottle of Piesse & Lubin's English Perfume. The acme of excellence is OPOPONAX. Perfume from every flower that breathes a fragrance.

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These Baths are open all night with sleeping accommodations for each bath. Greatest cure for Rheumatism, Cold, Cough, Lumbago, Gout, Kidney and Liver Complaints and Insomnia. Chloropist always in attendance. Phone 1286.

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This medicine is superior to all others for Wind, Cramp and Pain in the Stomach and Bowels of Infants, occasioned by teething or other ailments. It will give baby sound, healthful sleep and rest, also quiet nights to mothers and nurses. Guaranteed perfectly harmless. Extensively used for the last forty years. Testimonials on application. Trial Bottles, 10c. Large Bottles, 25c. None genuine without bearing name and address of S. HOWARTH, DRUGGIST, 243 Yonge Street, Toronto

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Social and Personal.

On Wednesday afternoon the residence of Rev. Dr. Griffin, 98 Madison avenue, was the scene of a charming wedding, when Miss Margaret Griffin and Mr. R. D. Kay of Detroit were married, the father of the bride performing the ceremony. Miss Griffin's wedding gown was unusually handsome and well became her. It was of soft white satin, with breteles en berthe of pearl-embroidered satin over falls of rich lace. The maid of honor, Miss Jean McCallum, cousin of the bride, wore white, with exquisite chiffon embroidery in mauve. The two bridesmaids, Miss Clara Biggar and Miss Ethel Matthews, wore white, with satin ribbons. All three attendants wore monogram pins, in pearls, the gift of the groom. The best man was Mr. William Kay, brother of the groom. At half-past four Mr. and Mrs. Kay held a reception, at which a vast number of elegantly gowned women and well known men were present. Mrs. Griffin wore black silk and lace, with plastron of emineence purple, and with her kind and popular husband met the guests with words of welcome and passed them on to the bridal group. Several friends from a distance were present. Miss McKenough of Chatham was charmingly gowned and looked very handsome; Mrs. Harry Fearman of Hamilton, a dainty little lady, also looked well; Mrs. Boyce Thompson looked charming in a pretty spring gown; Mrs. Matthews wore heliotrope and black lace; Mrs. George Hamilton was beautifully gowned and wore a very pretty chapeau of lace and flowers; Mrs. James and the Misses James were among the guests; Miss O'Reilly of Hamilton was a picture in an extremely becoming heliotrope frock touched with cream; Mrs. Hastings was in a trim gray suit with hat to match; Miss Gooderham of Maplecroft, and her sister Miss Maggie Gooderham, wore very elegant and dashing gowns. In fact, the rooms were crowded with so many smart and pretty folk that memory is at fault to distinguish them. The presents filled a large room upstairs and were of unusual beauty. Everything, from a piano and a sheaf of cheques to those historic articles which denounce unkind thoughts and give the name to a famous order of knighthood, had been showered before the beloved bride, who will be missed sadly by a large circle of friends. Mr. and Mrs. Kay will reside in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Waterman's dance for their daughter Miss Nellie was a large event in the post-Lenten season in London. A correspondent tells me that the house was most tastefully decorated with palms, roses and ferns; the dancing-rooms were charmingly arranged, forming the interior of a *marquee*. This was effected by having the ceiling and walls hung with art material of the softest texture in blue, pink and yellow. The tent was lighted by three groups of electric lights which were attached to the roof, while on the sides were brackets holding alternate pots of palms and Easter lilies; the latter, I am told, came direct from Bermuda for the occasion. The whole was charmingly completed by a full-length mirror, which was placed at one end and decorated with roses from Mr. Waterman's own conservatory. The effect was as unique as it was attractive, and certainly a most pleasingly novel idea. Miss Waterman, who assisted her mother in receiving, was most daintily attired in cream china silk trimmed with robin-egg blue ribbons. The supper was served in the adjoining house, which had been thrown open for the occasion, while the verandas, enclosed and lighted with Chinese lanterns, made a fairy-like promenade and entrance to the supper-rooms, where again the same good taste was displayed in decorations. At numerous small tables a sumptuous and at the same time dainty repast was served. The guests numbered about eighty, including some from a distance, so that the rooms were alive with youth and beauty, and many extremely pretty costumes were to be seen.

The assembly given by the gentlemen of Whitby in the Music Hall of that town on Friday evening was a delightful dance. Tasteful decorations, a fine floor and tempting music, delicious refreshments, everything that goes to make a success of such an affair, helped to that end in this one. There were just about the right number, slightly over a hundred, for the size of the hall to make the dancing thoroughly enjoyable. The attendance from Toronto, Lindsay, Port Perry, Bowmanville, Port Hope, Cobourg, Oshawa and elsewhere was considerable, though guests from outside Whitby were not so numerous as usual, owing to dances in several of these places conflicting with the date. The lady patronesses were: Mrs. Annae, Mrs. Dartnell, Mrs. Holland, Mrs. O'Donovan, Mrs. Ormiston and Mrs. G. A. Ross. To the indefatigable efforts of the honorary secretary, Mr. G. Herbert Dartnell, is due much of the credit that should come for the careful arrangements contributing so much to the pleasure of the occasion. He was ably supported by this committee: Mr. F. H. Annes, Mr. D. T. Campbell, Mr. R. S. Cassels, Mr. G. A. Ross, Mr. A. W. Chisholm, Mr. H. M. Ross, Mr. E. J. Thornton, Dr. Warren and Mr. S. S. Wilmott.

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Are frequently to be found upon the fence when it comes to buying a PIANO.  
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All-wool Tweeds from . . . . . \$15.00 to \$20.00  
In any shade of Serge from . . . . . \$12.00 to \$15.00  
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The Costumes to order complete.  
Our Fanny Costumes in any shade of Green, trimmed with Lace or Jet, \$20.00 to \$25.00, are not to be equalled in the city. Style, fit and finish guaranteed the best.  
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Highest quality, lowest possible prices.

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### Social and Personal.

Mrs. Blackstock has been much absorbed in the composition of her opera, which, I believe, is within a fortnight of completion. That beautiful song, My Queen, is, I hear, to be introduced in the opera.

The annual Easter assembly held at Guelph last Monday evening was a grand success. There were fully two hundred ladies and gentlemen present. Some of the costumes were magnificent. Miss M. S. Ryan of Guelph looked well in a becoming gown of heliotrope crepon trimmed with tulle and violets; Miss Nellie Walker of Guelph wore a pretty gown of yellow silk richly trimmed with Spanish lace; Miss McCloud of Georgetown looked pretty in a blue brocaded satin with trimmings of point lace; the Misses Rose and Violet Hazelton of Guelph, the former in a pretty gown of pink, the latter in white with buttercups; Miss B. Cummings of Georgetown wore blue silk. The platform was handsomely arranged as a dais to receive the lady patronesses, Mrs. L. Walker, Mrs. T. Day, Mrs. John Anderson and Mrs. Maitland. Everything passed off very successfully. A great deal of credit is due to the committee.

Miss May Briscoe of 12 Shannon street is the guest of her friend, Mrs. Chas. Irvine of Sharon, Pa.

The Art Gallery was crowded on opening night by a smart crowd who responded to the invitations to view the pictures of this season's exhibition. The president and most of the artists were there, a host of ladies and a few critics, whose words were respectfully listened to, until the artist whose work was under discussion loomed in sight, with the promptitude of Charlie Cootie in the Cheque Book, when the crowd began to gabble hysterically and melted away. Among the visitors I remarked: Mr. and Mrs. Totten, Mr. and the Misses Yarker, Mr. J. E. and the Misses Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Somerville, Mrs. Hetherington, Messrs. R. and E. Ruth, Miss Lina Ruth, Mrs. O'Brien, Miss Sanders, Professor Garnor, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Beatty, the Misses MacMurchy, Professor and Mrs. Hirschfelder, and Mr. and Miss Hirschfelder.

It is announced that Col. Volney V. Ashford, the Port Hope boy who has figured so prominently in the politics of Hawaii, and in whose behalf the Dominion Government recently took action, has been released from imprisonment upon agreeing to permanently exile himself from the republic. A telegraphic despatch states that he is, however, lying ill in the hospital at Honolulu. He will be looked after, no doubt, by the British representative and may be expected to return to Canada when able to travel.

A very pleasant and interesting entertainment was given by The Juvenile Excelsior Club in St. Patrick's Hall on Tuesday evening, April 23, under the able direction of Mrs. Stewart and Miss Thompson. Several choruses were sung by the children of the Club, which reflects great credit on Mrs. Stewart, by whom they were so well trained. The costumes were very pretty. A violin and a piano solo given by the Misses Cable deserve special mention. The wand drill, club swinging and tableaux were loudly applauded; many nice songs and recitations were also given. There was a large audience present, who, judging from their applause, were well pleased.

### German in Five Weeks

The above attractive programme is undertaken by Fraulein P. Holtermann, directress of the Natural Method School for the German language. Free lectures are being given. Attention is called to advertisement on page 10.



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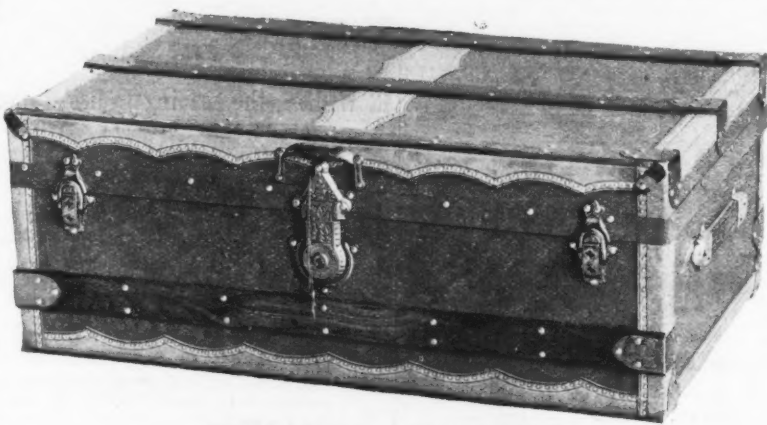
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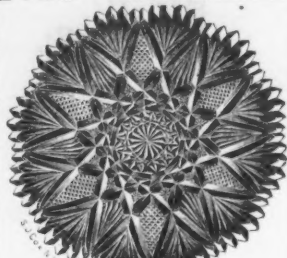
### Strange Methods.

New York Weekly.

Broncho Bill—I was talkin' with an Eastern man to-day, and he says when two fellows in his section have a dispute they just go to law and sue each other for damages or somethin'. Hair Trigger Ike—But how about the loser? Don't he get a gun and try to get even? Broncho Bill—Waal, as near as I kin make out, by the time the loser has paid the lawyers he ain't got no money to buy guns.

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**Births.**  
BUNGAY—On April 24th, at 672 Euclid avenue, Mrs. Frank Bungay—a daughter.  
ORR—Whitby, Mrs. Robert R. Orr—a son.  
LYTLE—April 21, Mrs. T. A. Lytle—a daughter.  
HARVEY—April 18, Mrs. George Harvey—a daughter.  
BURN—March 27, Brooklyn, N.Y., Mrs. E. W. Burn—a son.  
FENTON—April 23, Mrs. Wilson Fenton—a son, stillborn.  
MARRS—April 20, Mrs. A. H. Siwyn Marks—a daughter.  
TYRRELL—April 20, Mrs. William Tyrrell—a son.  
KERR—March 22, Mrs. J. Kerr—a daughter.  
MURRAY—April 21, Mrs. Arthur Murray—a daughter.

**Marriages.**  
WEBB—O'REILLY—Hamilton, April 20, T. Harry Webb of Winnipeg to Helen Brethel O'Reilly.  
GIBSON—BURNSIDE—April 23, Robert J. Gibson to Florence May Burnside.  
CULTER—GRAHAM—April 16, Walter Culter to Maggie Graham.  
KAY—GRiffin—April 24, R. D. Kay to Margaret Griffin.

**Deaths.**  
GUERNSEY—April 20, Mary T. Guernsey, aged 39.  
IRVING—April 19, Isobel C. Irving, aged 1.  
PEARCE—April 19, William Pearce, aged 69.  
SMITH—April 20, Norman Russell Smith.  
WELLS—April 20, William W. Wells.  
DACK—April 17, Minnie Dack, aged 32.  
HUTCHINSON—April 18, Agnes Hutchinson.  
ROWLAND—April 17, William Rowland, aged 70.  
JOHNSTON—April 24, William Johnston, aged 66.  
SHEERES—April 20, John P. Sheeres, aged 61.

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44 inch All-wool French Tweeds, Checks and Mixtures..... 65c and 75c  
42 inch All-wool Estamine and Storm Serges, black and navy..... 30c and 35c  
44 inch All-wool Cheviot Serges, black and navy, "special"..... 50c  
42 inch Striped Cashmere, black and colored grounds..... 250  
42 inch Black and Cream Crinkle Cloth, all-wool..... 55c  
42 inch All-wool Jacquard and Dress Goods, iridescent effects..... 50c  
42 inch English Twill Dress Goods..... 150  
Spot Muslins, colored and white grounds, Hair Striped Gingham, American Crinkles, and a host of new things in wash goods at 10c, 12½c, 16c, 20c  
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